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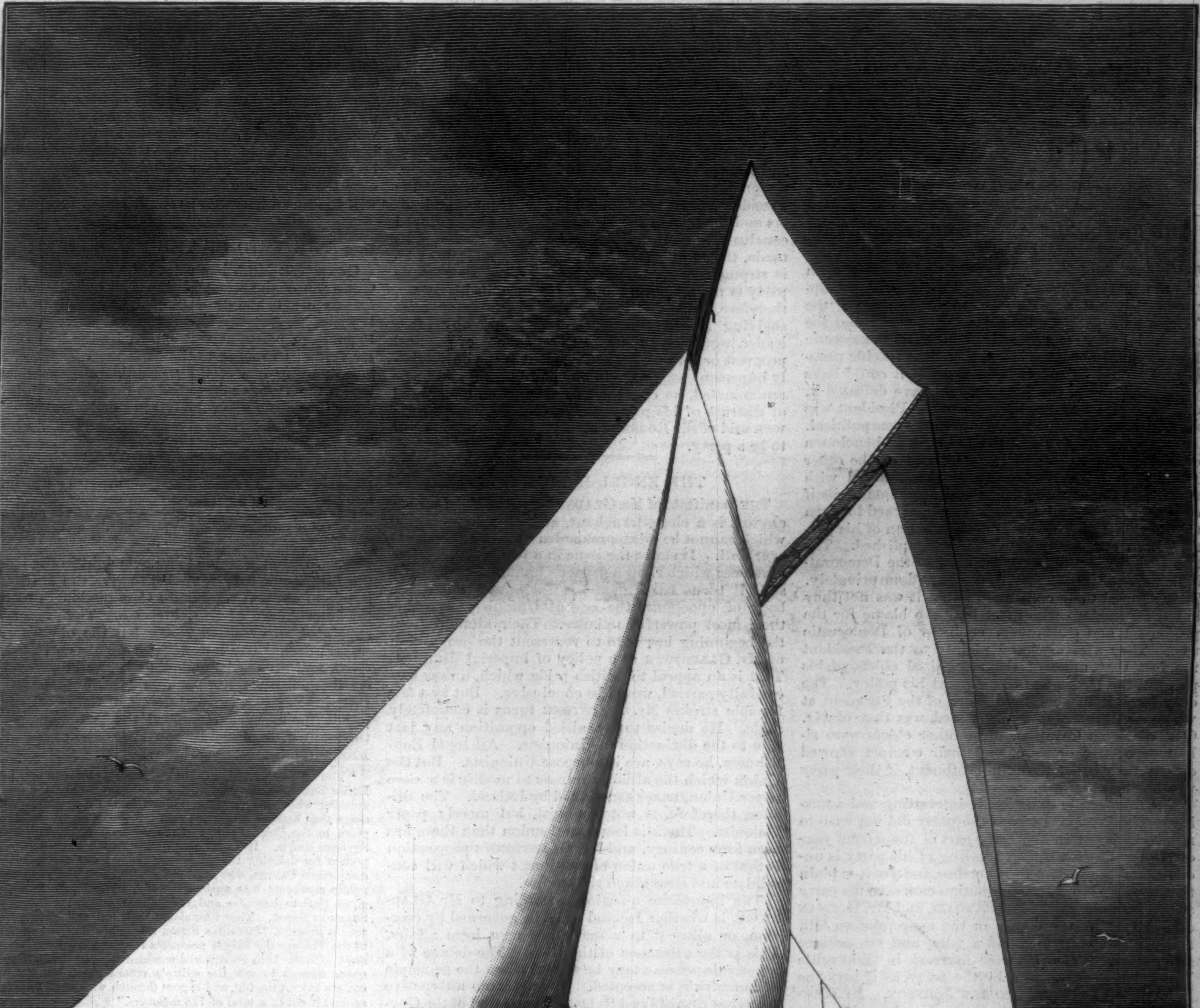

"SQUARED AWAY FOR HOME"—THE "PRISCILLA" WINNING THE ATLANTIC CLUB REGATTA, JUNE 15.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1886.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE attack of Messrs. RANDALL and HOLMAN upon the President under cover of a clause in the appropriation bill was defeated in Committee of the Whole by a ruling upon a point of order. But the attack is very suggestive. The two Democratic leaders could not have hoped that their specific proposition would be successful. Even if it could have passed the House, the Senate would have defeated it, and beyond the Senate the veto of the President was morally assured. The whole movement was political. It was intended to show the Democratic henchmen of Messrs. RANDALL and HOLMAN, and of the other Democratic leaders who plainly sympathized with them, that these gentlemen would distribute spoils if only they could, and it was further designed to warn the President of the serious dissatisfaction of his party. Both of these objects were accomplished. The two leaders did publicly what most of the Democratic Representatives are believed to have done privately. They assured their constituents that it was not they but the President who must bear the blame for the prolonged and continuous coldness of Democratic toes. They also disclosed plainly to the President the fact that none of the recognized chiefs of his party in the House warmly support his policy. The only forcible Democratic defence of the President, at whom the blow was really aimed, was that of Mr. COX, of North Carolina. The other chiefs were silent or openly opposed, and their conduct showed clearly their belief that the sentiment of their party was hostile to reform.

The Democratic situation is interesting and amusing. The President whom the party did not wish to nominate is yet in the early part of the second year of his term. The general feeling of his party is unquestionably opposed to his course, and yet it is plain that nothing but his renomination can save his party at the next election. Mr. RANDALL and Mr. HOLMAN attack him by the clause in the appropriation bill, skilfully designed to avoid a vote, and yet achieve its purpose. The *Courier-Journal* in Louisville hints at boycotting him by the party, as it says the Republicans boycotted ANDREW JOHNSON. Mr. HEWITT and the other Democratic leaders from his own State rigorously abstain from open and strong identification with his policy, and some of the strongest organs of the party in New York daily sneer and rage at him. But it is as obvious now as it was when he was nominated that he is very much stronger than his party. Not a Democrat in the country can be mentioned whose nomination over Mr. CLEVELAND in the Democratic Convention would not seal the overwhelming defeat of the party at the polls. No man within the last generation has been so providential a leader for his party as Mr. CLEVELAND. Governor SEYMOUR was an antebellum Democrat. Mr. TILDEN was equally wedded to the disastrous traditions of the party which had produced the profound and fatal distrust that excluded it from power. Mr. BAYARD'S want of sympathy with the war for the Union repelled the confidence of strong Union men. Among other conspicuous Democrats there is no one who could command the support that Mr. CLEVELAND received from voters outside of his party, and which would be again gladly given to him as against Mr. BLAINE, reënforced by thousands who have seen that a vote for CLEVELAND did not mean national misfortune.

The situation, then, is this: just in the degree that the course of the President alienates the spoils politicians of his party, it draws to him with enthusiasm the support of the people, and makes him the necessary and unavoidable candidate of his party. We have sometimes thought, indeed, that the politicians, who make nominations, might succeed in defeating him in the Convention, however essential to party success his candidacy might seem to be. Such politicians will be undoubtedly more positive in opposition than in 1884. Then they thought that they could control him. Now they know that they cannot. This is the sole weakness of the President's position as a possible candidate. It is true that the Democratic politicians may yield in the Convention, as the Republican machine in New York yielded last year to the nomination of DAVENPORT for Governor. And it is also true that they may then demonstrate that he is a weak candidate, and that they were wise in opposing him, by taking care that he is beaten at the polls. This, of course, cannot be prevented, should it be undertaken. But even Mr. RANDALL in his intelligent moments must see that if Mr. CLEVELAND, the one Democrat who was able to resuscitate his party through the popular belief that he would keep his word, should be set aside by his party solely because he has kept his word, the party would be as peremptorily beaten as when it tried to elect Mr. GREELEY over General GRANT. The contest of 1888 will be almost wholly personal. The present Administration has shown that the country is perfectly safe under a Democratic as under a Republican Executive, and in the absence of great and dividing party issues, personal considerations and confidence will elect the President. But the conduct of the Democratic leaders and the tone of the Democratic press have proved conclusively, with all just and honorable exceptions made, that while Mr. CLEVELAND is a reformer who is strong enough to have his way, the Democratic party is not a reform party. No man in his senses, therefore, believes that the Democratic party, after shelving Mr. CLEVELAND and choosing any other leader, would be supported as an agency of political progress or reform. The President is the only vitally important personage in our politics. Should he be renominated, he could not be assailed on the ground of distrust of his party, because, as Sir HENRY BULWER said of Sir ROBERT PEEL, he has proved himself to be a party.

THE ENGLISH ELECTION.

THE manifesto of Mr. GLADSTONE to the Mid-Lothian electors is a clear, trenchant, and simple document, which cannot be misapprehended by any reader however dull. It states the issue in a few broad, incisive sentences which show a master's hand, and with great skill it turns back upon the Tories and the whole body of opponents the cry of Unionism, which is their most powerful reliance. Their attempt from the beginning has been to represent the proposition of Mr. GLADSTONE as a policy of imperial disunion. That is an appeal to British pride which, unless successfully parried, would be conclusive. But by a few forcible strokes Mr. GLADSTONE turns it completely aside. He denies to the allied opposition any just title to the distinction of Unionists. All loyal Englishmen, he says, are in purpose Unionists. But the Union which the alliance refuses to modify is a mere paper Union, never sanctioned by Ireland. The alliance, therefore, is not Unionist, but merely paper Unionist. There is less actual union than there has been for a century, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S proposition is that of a true union of sentiment which will consolidate and strengthen the empire.

The immediate question, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, is whether Ireland shall be governed by coercion, or allowed to manage her own local affairs. This is the substance of the issue. The details of a home-rule scheme may be settled when the principle of home rule is accepted. There are no alternative plans but that of Lord SALISBURY and that of the Government:

> "Our plan is that Ireland should, under well-considered conditions, transact her own affairs. His plan is to ask Parliament to renew repressive laws, and enforce them resolutely for twenty years, by the end of which time he assures us Ireland will be fit to accept any government, in the way of a local government, on the repeal of the coercion laws, you may wish to give her."

This is not an unfair statement of the allies' position. That position is that whatever may have been true formerly, yet at present Ireland has no real grievance, and is no more justified in demanding a local legislature than any shire in England. In this view the whole Irish movement is seditious, and is due entirely to a few agitators. This is an extraordinary view when the facts are considered. One of these facts is the state of mind of a people resulting from centuries of acknowledged oppression; and another is that a large body of the allies confess that some scheme of local legislature is desirable. The difference of opinion, however, is irreconcilable. There has been no such bitterness of feeling, no such political estrangement, for many years. When JOHN BRIGHT votes against Mr. GLADSTONE upon a question of the highest moment, the situation is revealed.

Of the two plans, that of Lord SALISBURY proceeds upon the ground of profound distrust; that of Mr. GLADSTONE upon confidence. But the policy of distrust has been tested to the utmost, and with such results as we see. The counter plan would create at once a true conservative party in Ireland, which would deal with dangerous tendencies should they appear. In any event, the appeal to the country is most wisely taken. Mr. GLADSTONE shows plainly why the Liberal Government moved in the matter. An Irish policy which Liberals might have supported was anticipated from the Tory administration. But that administration chose coercion, and upon its fall Mr. GLADSTONE says that he took office on the basis of an anti-coercion policy, which was fully explained to his colleagues, and which aimed to unite and strengthen the empire. Instead of struggling over six months, like our general elections, the question in England will be decided in a little more than a month, and a month of intense excitement it will be. It is useless to predict the result, or to be surprised by it whatever it may be. It is obviously very uncertain. The Liberals have been evidently of opinion that the longer the election should be deferred the better it would be for them, and the alliance, apparently with the same conviction that delay would be advantageous to the Liberals, hastened the vote in Parliament. A Liberal defeat would end the public career of Mr. GLADSTONE, and many even of his old friends would say with sincere regret, as over the victim of his own hallucination, "Poor GLADSTONE!" But that will not be the verdict of history. Whatever the result of our Revolution might have been, Lord CHATHAM would have been known always as the friend of America. Whatever the immediate fate of his measure, GLADSTONE will be known hereafter as the friend of Ireland.

THE VETO OF THE EXCISE BILL.

GOVERNOR HILL has vetoed the excise bill, which was a job of the worst kind, passed by a Republican Legislature, to the disgrace of the Republican name. It was a job designed to secure the liquor vote for the Republican party, as was shown by the telegram of Mr. SHERIDAN SHOOK to the New York *Tribune*, Mr. SHOOK being one of the "prominent Republicans" whom the *Tribune* described as listening with interest to the debate upon the bill in the Senate:

> "ALBANY, *May* 12.
>
> "*To the 'Tribune,' New York city:*
>
> "The excise bill will probably pass the Assembly to-morrow morning. Three Commissioners will be appointed under it, one a Republican, and not a GRACE Republican. The bill will materially help the Republican party, *giving Republican saloon-keepers in the city the protection to which they are entitled*, and will prevent the use of the Department against *us* politically.
>
> "SHERIDAN SHOOK."

The movement was due to an oversight in the title of the bill, which was intended to give the Mayor the power to appoint the Excise Commissioners without the interference of the Aldermen. The Mayor had appointed an excellent board, but the old Commissioners declined to retire. The Senate corrected the error, and the House undoubtedly would have acquiesced, and the question would have been settled. But the *Tribune*, in the interest of the effort to propitiate the liquor vote, aided the Tammany plot in the manner described by the *Voice*, the organ of the Prohibition party, as follows:

> "The ROOSEVELT bill, making the Mayor's power to appoint the Excise Board unquestionable, had passed the Senate, and was progressing with little or no opposition in the Assembly. At this stage the *Tribune* suggested that the power of appointment be given to the Chief Justices of the Common Pleas, Superior, and Supreme courts. It wasn't much, but it was enough to furnish a pretext for delaying the bill. That pretext was seized on by Assemblyman CANTOR, who cited the *Tribune* editorial to prove that public sentiment was against the bill. The liquor forces were given time to combine and concentrate under the lead of this SHERIDAN SHOOK. They formulated their bill, and started to railroad it through. SHERIDAN SHOOK telegraphs on the 12th instant to the *Tribune* the bright prospects for the bill's immediate passage. On the 14th an editorial condemnation of the bill appears, quick enough to get the editor's record right, but not quick enough to hurt the bill, and it goes through with but 31 votes cast against it out of a total of 128 members."

The course of the *Tribune* throughout has been transparent. It was a desperate endeavor to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; and it is only characteristic that it should hail the Governor's veto as a good thing, and denounce the bill, which was passed by a great Republican majority, and whose passage it had indirectly aided, as "evil in its origin, injurious and corrupt in its intention, and it was pushed by sinister influences." It is equally characteristic that on the same page with this praise of a veto which defeated its own effort to win the liquor vote, the paper "founded by HORACE GREELEY," and which opposed the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1872, and supported the candidacy of Mr. HENDRICKS for Governor of Indiana, should denounce as enemies of the Republican party journals which have exposed its aid and comfort to the liquor plot, and which have condemned Republican double-dealing upon the temperance question. The *Tribune's* course is a capital illustration of the conduct which has made so serious a breach in the Republican ranks. The Republican selection of a public defaulter and notorious political boss in Rhode Island as the chief of the police to enforce the prohibitory law, the Republican practical repeal of the civil service reform law in Massachusetts, and Republican legislation, including the vetoed excise bill, in New York, have led in Rhode Island to a rupture in the party, and everywhere to Republican amazement and

alienation. If it be good Republicanism to trade for the liquor vote and to overthrow civil service reform, and to depend for success upon deals and tricks and demagoguery, instead of the assertion and maintenance of sound principles, it is not surprising that the Independent vote is larger every day.

THE BANISHMENT OF THE FRENCH PRINCES.

THE expulsion of the heads of the French royal houses throws a curious light upon the French republic. In this country we have been so accustomed to repose upon JEFFERSON'S saying that the utmost expression of error may be tolerated, so long as truth is left free to combat it, that the exile of persons, not for overt acts or declared intentions, but for what may be called a dangerous personality, seems to be only a confession of conscious weakness. But two recent events in France reveal the situation in that country. The government of the republic has power, at its discretion, to decree the exclusion of the princes. A few weeks since, on the same day, there was a Communist demonstration in Paris and an election in a royalist department in Brittany. Last year it chose Republican representatives, but this year it supplied a vacancy with a Monarchist by 8000 majority. The extreme Radicals held that such an incident showed that the exigency had arisen to deal with which the power to exclude princes had been granted, and demanded that it should be exercised. But President GRÉVY preferred to leave the question to the Assembly. M. FREYCINET, the Minister, brought in a bill to banish the chiefs of royal houses. Some of the extreme Radicals demanded the exclusion of all princes and the confiscation of their estates. But the limited bill will be adopted, and the Count of Paris and Prince JEROME BONAPARTE will leave France.

It is a proceeding which recalls the old Revolution, and Prince JEROME goes, indeed, saying that he will presently return to save those who banish him from being guillotined by their associates. But history does not repeat itself in precisely the same way. The government yields, probably, to propitiate the extreme Radicals. The Count of Paris is a gentleman who has been living quietly in France, not as a conspirator against the government, but as a French citizen and patriot. But there is no doubt that French politics always tend to a revolutionary condition. The old monarchical traditions, which in France are very strong, and princely families, the descendants of recent kings, living in princely splendor, with all the etiquette of a court, and allying themselves in marriage with reigning houses, are undoubtedly disturbing influences in a republic which is established less by positive preference than by the fact that it is more practicable than any other form of government. In such a situation the actual question is less that of the administration of the government than of its existence, and whatever seriously threatens it may be wisely removed.

The republican situation in this country can hardly be taken as a standard by which to test that of France. The English colonies and States in America were always practically self-governing. They have had the habit of free assembly, of popular discussion, and of popular election. But constitutional republican liberty is little known in France. It is a country in which the rights of the minority are practically unknown, and in which there is great impatience of the just regulation of liberty by law. The expulsion of the princes is an event that cannot be fairly judged without a clear view of the situation, which in another country it is difficult to obtain. But it shows distinctly that the French republic is not yet securely founded upon the popular conviction, and that it still dreads monarchical reaction.

SPRING ELECTIONS VETOED.

GOVERNOR HILL has vetoed the municipal spring elections bill. But however desirable the purpose of the bill, the veto was anticipated, and it is a question whether it was not put in its final form by its opponents. The Governor had twice urged the advantage of spring elections, and a bill providing merely for them would doubtless have been approved. But the law as drafted provided for spring elections, for the election of aldermen upon a general ticket, and for a scheme of cumulative voting.

The Governor says that he would not have refused assent to the general ticket system, although not sure of its expediency. But the scheme of cumulative voting he condemns as both unconstitutional and inexpedient. His arguments, however, are not satisfactory. As the system is familiar, and is approved in other States, and has resulted in acknowledged practical benefits, the question of constitutionality, if there be one, is a very open question, and the Governor might have left the decision very properly to the courts.

His other objection, that it might lead to representation of interests which are not distinctively political, even if it were well founded, is not a reason for vetoing the bill. If a minority be entitled to representation, it may decide for itself upon what grounds it will unite. Certainly it ought not to be forced to adopt a bond of union which is not acceptable to itself. The question, however, is still open, and, to say the least, it was unnecessary to make it a part of the bill, since it would furnish the Governor a plausible excuse for a veto. It is a fundamental principle of honest legislation that bills should provide, so far as possible, exclusively for one object. The attempt to complicate them, to load them with unusual devices, is an attempt to be regarded with great suspicion. This bill was one of the most creditable to the Legislature. But even this was not of a character to be quite beyond suspicion.

A LIVING REFORM.

THE *Herald* is of opinion that civil service reform is dead, because the course of the President has not been consistent. It says that the improvement which he may effect will end with his retirement. We think that it is mistaken. A definite and distinct progress in reform seems to us evident. Thus one of the worst abuses of the old system, the political assessment of public employés, has been in a great degree corrected, and arbitrary dismissal for mere partisan reasons is already stigmatized in the public mind as an outrage. In the judgment and expectation of the public it has ceased to be a matter of course.

These are distinct and permanent gains, because they show a change in public sentiment, and do not depend upon the whim of any public officer. When President CLEVELAND retires, his successor would restore assessments and a mere partisan clean sweep at his peril. Even the Democratic party, whose Bourbon element, which is very powerful, curses the President for his reform course, would not dare to propose a complete restoration of the old spoils system as its platform in 1888. Its managers are perfectly aware of the public enlightenment upon the subject, and the change of public sentiment, and that is the measure of the real progress of the cause.

Meanwhile the course of President CLEVELAND, however inconsistent and open to censure in certain cases, aids that enlightenment greatly, and promotes that change. Nothing could be more uncertain and inconsistent than the course upon this subject of Presidents GRANT and HAYES and ARTHUR. But nothing is more certain than the steady progress of the reform, amid all the obstructions, during their administrations. Reform was declared to be dead and d—isposed of, a hundred times. But it lives to laugh its enemies to scorn. President CLEVELAND does not do all that many reformers desire. But he does more than any other President ever dared to do, and his course will have carried far forward and upward the mark of the rising tide.

GRANT AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

THE second volume of GRANT'S memoirs fully confirms the delightful impression of the first volume. The story is told with perfect simplicity and with singular interest, and the General's judgments of the men with whom he was associated seem to be as final as the verdicts of history. Of his successor in the Presidency GRANT says:

> "On more than one occasion in these engagements General R. B. HAYES, who succeeded me as President of the United States, bore a very honorable part. His conduct on the field was marked by conspicuous gallantry, as well as the display of qualities of a higher order than that of mere personal daring. This might well have been expected of one who could write at the time he is said to have done so, 'Any officer fit for duty who at this crisis would abandon his post to electioneer for a seat in Congress ought to be scalped.' Having entered the army as a Major of Volunteers at the beginning of the war, General HAYES attained by meritorious service the rank of Brevet Major-General before its close."

Nothing is more striking than the generosity and modesty of tone throughout the whole work—a work which commemorates most modestly great services most modestly rendered which will never cease to be gratefully remembered.

A FORTUNATE MAN.

THE friendly mention of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS as a candidate for the Presidency was an illustration of the impression which a kindly and generous and beneficent life makes upon the public mind. The suggestion was seized as furnishing an opportunity of paying a tribute of personal regard which must have been as agreeable as it was honorable. Mr. CHILDS disposed of the matter very promptly, however, and in a few graceful words in the *Ledger* took such a good-natured view of the proposition as the occasion demanded, and without gravely assuming to decline an honor that had not been offered, quietly silenced the discussion. Mr. CHILDS is one of the happy men whose prosperity arouses no feeling of envy or reproach, and in whose deserved success all who know him or who know of him rejoice.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

MR. WHIPPLE had been long withdrawn from his former prominence in literary circles, but he was one of the most charming of companions, and the most generous and appreciative of writers. In the early days of the popular lecture lyceum there was no man more sought and none more acceptable. His fresh and accurate acquaintance with the best English literature, his humor, which was constant and delightful, his shrewd perception, and his felicitious style made him a delightful speaker.

Mr. WHIPPLE'S especial gift was the fine critical faculty. His volumes are collections of critical essays, and his current writings were biographical articles or surveys of epochs and men composed mainly of the most discriminating appreciation. In all these the generosity of his nature was most apparent. This was the more striking, and even touching, because later comers in the field of literary labor had taken precedence of him in current public regard, and his name had less significance than at an earlier time. Personally, also, he was less known. But his equanimity was undisturbed, and he "kept the noiseless tenor of his way" with the old sweetness and kindly regard for others.

In the most distinguished literary circle in this country, a circle which in its prime was hardly surpassed by any actual company in London or Edinburgh, Mr. WHIPPLE held his distinctive place. There was no conversation in which he could not take his equal part, no daring thought with which he did not sympathize, no hope for man and faith in his progress in which he did not share. That brilliant circle was long since broken, and in the death of WHIPPLE it loses one of the brightest of its members that remained. To this generation of readers his name is not significant. But to those who knew him well, and whose thoughts, like the boy's memory, are "long, long thoughts," there is an "altered glory" in the old familiar places.

PERSONAL.

MISS ALLEGRA EGGLESTON, daughter of the novelist EDWARD EGGLESTON, has returned with her father from a thirteen months' stay in Europe. In addition to some mahogany carvings illustrating the death of Lycidas, she brings a large number of pen-and-ink sketches illustrative of the spirit of DÜRER'S wood-engravings. She proposes to apply DÜRER'S method to pen-and-ink illustrations of scenes from life and from books, which can then be reproduced in fac-simile by photo-engraving.

—One of the distinguished smokers of New York city keeps two brands of cigars, a cheap brand and a dear one. After dinner, his first cigar is a dear one, but his second and third are taken from the other box, and taste just as good, he says.

—One of the best preserved paintings of modern times is GILBERT STUART'S portrait of EGBERT BENSON, the first President of the New York Historical Society, which hangs in the hall of that institution. After the lapse of seventy-nine years its flesh tones glow as some of HENNER'S do. Time has only mellowed its beauty, without obscuring it. Mr. BENSON was a most generous host, and the cellars of his mansion were well stocked. It is probable that the painter, who was Mr. BENSON'S guest, did not hurry the work, as he so often did his replicas of WASHINGTON, one of which, now hanging in the same place, looks rather washed out.

—The Rev. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, D.D., of Providence, Rhode Island, has begun the printing of his valuable bibliographical work, the *Annotated Catalogue of the Harris Collection of American Poetry.* The volume is intended to be a memorial of the late Senator ANTHONY, and describes the remarkable collection of the writings of American poets begun fifty years ago by the Hon. ALBERT GORTON GREENE, increased by the late C. FISKE HARRIS, and purchased from him by Senator ANTHONY, who bequeathed it to Brown University. Dr. STOCKBRIDGE'S laborious and scholarly undertaking has been received with favor throughout the country.

—After Governor TILDEN'S nomination to the Presidency, Mr. JOHN KELLY organized a grand torch-light procession in his honor. This procession Governor TILDEN was expected to review, and a place was reserved for him on the grand stand at Union Square. But the Governor failed to put in an appearance, and Mr. KELLY was deeply offended. "Had Governor TILDEN not snubbed us then," said a Tammany sachem, several years afterward, "we would have raised 60,000 men to escort him to the White House."

—The National Academy of Design does not elect women to be Academicians, although it has made several of them Associates, including Mrs. HENRY A. LOOP and Miss FIDELIA BRIDGES. Its course is retrograde; some years ago Miss ANNE HALL, a sister of PRESCOTT HALL, the lawyer, was a full Academician. But it was found inconvenient to continue the practice, because of the irregularity with which the lady Academicians attended the regular meetings. On one occasion it was necessary to send a coach for Miss HALL in order to get a quorum. She came and cast her vote, but was never seen in the building again. Accordingly, the male Academicians got discouraged, and do not propose to elect women any more.

—Mr. TIMOTHEUS COLE, the well-known wood-engraver, has been living of late in Florence, Italy. He is enthusiastic over the museums and the natural beauty of that city, and has sent for his family to join him. He has no intention of returning to the United States. Since his last visit to New Haven he and Mr. LINTON have been mutual admirers and warm friends, although pursuing very different methods in art. But Mr. COLE has never liked or practised the extreme eccentricities of the younger school, and has never lost his love for pure-line work.

—Mr. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, having seen in print a letter reflecting on his veracity, says that it is a "serious charge," and retorts that its author "must himself lie under a mistake."

—Canon FARRAR'S lecture on BROWNING, which was delivered during his visit to this country, will be repeated by invitation before the Browning Society of London, on October 29. Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD has gone to Europe, and will be a guest of the Canon, whom he entertained in princely fashion last year.

—The Rev. R. H. QUICK says that women have been prominent in all efforts to improve teachers of the young, and have shown themselves far more ready than men to avail themselves of the means of improvement offered them.

—A Franciscan monk has appeared in Pisa who recalls the days of SAVONAROLA. He is poor, eloquent, pious, and wise, and when he preaches on feast-days, lawyers, men of business, and workmen leave their occupations to go and hear him.

—The Duc d'Aumale's friends are sorry over his prospective banishment from France. He is old, a widower, and childless, and he has been devoting the last twelve years to the erection of a magnificent palace at Chantilly, where he now holds his state, in the midst of a multitude of art treasures, among them the Earl of Dudley's famous Raphaels, for which he paid $125,000, and a noble collection of Gobelin tapestries, miniatures, faience, engraved gems, and enamels.

—Mr. WHISTLER being an American, it is an unusual honor that he should have been elected to the Presidency of the Society of British Artists. There are two WHISTLERS, says a foreign critic; the one is the cynosure of first nights and private views, of a thousand supper parties and five-o'clock teas, saying things good and bad, the "Our James" of the society prints, and the "Jimmy" of actors and journalists; the other is an artist, "wayward, eccentric, mannered, wilful, but in his way a man of genius, and in his way a painter unique, original, almost great."

—An obelisk of granite forty feet high marks the grave of Mr. ARTHUR'S Secretary of State, FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN, at Newark, New Jersey, bearing the inscription: "A diligent and conservative statesman, a sincere friend and wise counsellor, busy in the affairs of life, he walked humbly and trustfully with his God. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

—Mr. CHARLES DICKENS is following his father's example by giving public readings from that novelist's works. He strives to imitate his father's manner, accent, and tones, as well as to present his father's conceptions of such characters as Pickwick, Little Nell, Tiny Tim, and Oliver Twist. He will probably visit this country after a tour of the leading cities of England and Scotland.

—Mr. FREDERICK E. CHURCH, the landscape painter, is now resting on his oars at Hudson-on-the-Hudson, where he owns a magnificent estate, consisting of more than three hundred acres of beautiful land, and a stone mansion of Persian design inside and outside, filled with countless souvenirs of foreign travel. His right hand, which formerly was almost inactive on account of an affection of the wrist, has become well again, but his limbs are so affected with rheumatism that he stands with difficulty. He paints scarcely at all, but devotes himself to the care of his country-seat. His friends think that his fame is perfect and secure. He has always been in easy financial circumstances, and therefore able to give as much time as he chose to a painting. By the death of his father he became very rich.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.—[See Page 403.]

LUDWIG II., KING OF BAVARIA.

J. WREY MOULD, ARCHITECT.—[See Page 414.]

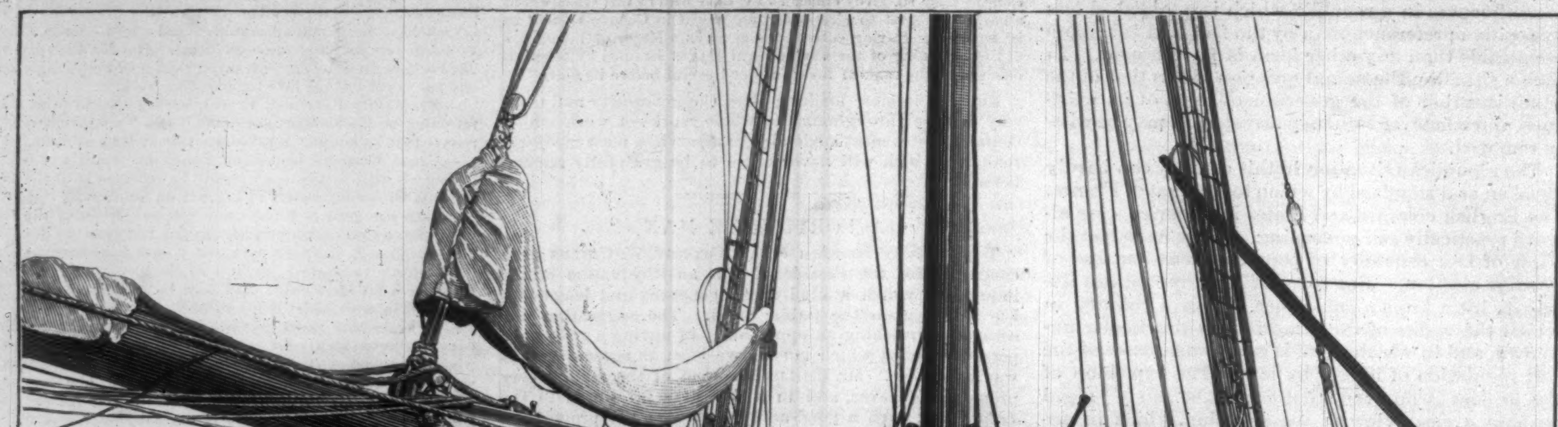
THE MAD BAVARIAN KING.

Harper's Weekly of January 30 contained a picture of the gorgeous sleigh in which the romantic and now lamented monarch Ludwig or Louis II., King of Bavaria, was pleased to travel between the palace at Munich and his royal country-seats (if so ordinary a term may be applied) among the mountains, together with an account of the eccentricities and extravagances which had won for him the name of the "Mad King." At the time of that publication it was evident that the affairs of the King were on the verge of a crisis, but it was impossible that any one should have anticipated then the misfortunes which were to follow fast upon him, culminating in a dreadful tragic death. However much may be said in derision of the dreamy and romantically impracticable notions by which this unhappy ruler was actuated, it cannot be denied that he was wise in a period when the fate and future welfare of his country hung in the balance; that he carefully fostered and developed the art interests which have made Munich a recognized art centre since the reign of Ludwig I.; that the music-loving world is under lasting obligations to him for the part which he took in securing to the world the full measure of Wagner's wondrous talents by aiding that composer in carrying out his fondest hopes and ambitions; and that the people of his country were devotedly attached to him.

The news of the deposition of King Ludwig, and the proposed assumption of the Regency by his uncle, Prince Luitpold, which was received in this country on June 11, was followed in three days by the news of the King's death by suicide in Lake Starnberg. The court physicians had no sooner pronounced that the mental condition of the King was such as to incapacitate him from governing properly than the uncle, with what appears to have been unseemly haste, assumed the Regency, and, supported by the ministers, despatched Count Holstein to ask the King to authorize the appointment of a Regency Council, which was practically soliciting his consent to a downfall that had already been precipitated upon him. The King, who was intrenched at his castle of Hohenschwangau, repelled the deputation from Prince Luitpold and the ministry, and ordered the arrest of Count Holstein. Backed by his devoted subjects among the mountain peasantry, there is no telling to what extremes of civil warfare the attitude of the King, had he preserved it, might have led; but it is clear that, whether of unsound mind or not, his spirit was broken by the charge of insanity that had been brought against him, and he presently submitted to be removed by his physicians to Berg Castle, on Lake Starnberg. There, at six o'clock on the evening of June 13, he was drowned. There was but one known witness of his death, Dr. Gudden, his devoted physician; and as the body of this witness was also found in the lake, the particulars of the tragedy can only be a matter of speculation. Whatever the secret of his taking off, it is apparent that the death of King Ludwig has caused a complete revolution in the political affairs of Bavaria, and the Ultramontane party, by which the King was cordially disliked, is now in the ascendency. By the right of succession Prince Otto, the younger brother of King Ludwig, who was born on April 27, 1848, succeeds to the crown, but for many years this prince has been a lunatic, and although he becomes King of Bavaria in name, Prince Luitpold, as Regent, is the actual sovereign, and the house of Wittelsbach is now in power. The practical transfer of the crown from the branch of Maximilian II., the father of Ludwig, to that of Luitpold, the uncle of Ludwig, has an unmistakable tendency to unite the interests of Bavaria and Austria, and to remove Bavaria from sympathy with the German Confederation.

The deceased King was born on the 25th of August, 1845, at the Castle of Nymphenburg, and while still in his eighteenth year was called to the Bavarian throne, upon the death of his father on March 10, 1864. His boyhood had been passed in deep seclusion, and amid surroundings sufficiently romantic to develop the poetical side of a nature which, if not altogether weak in the element of character, was essentially emotional, and averse to grappling with the practical problems of life.

The stories of the adventures and eccentric performances of the dead King have no doubt been exaggerated; but they were sufficient to cause wonder and astonishment wherever they were read. Regardless of expense he erected magnificent castles on the mountain-tops, and caused artificial lakes to be made where, beneath artificial moonlight, he could listen to the music he loved best. He concealed himself by day, and at night, in splendid chariots, the wheels of which were covered with rubber tires, rode swiftly and noiselessly over the mountain roads, preceded by many outriders bearing torches in their hands. And yet when the emergency arose, this dreamer awoke from his dreams, and by allying Bavaria with the German cause when the Franco-German war broke out in 1870, disappointed the hopes of Napoleon, who had expected in South Germany to find a powerful ally. As has been said elsewhere, "Bavaria's example was electrical in Germany, and when King Ludwig gave the order for his soldiers to move, German unity was essentially an accomplished fact."



THE SLOOP-YACHT "MAYFLOWER," OF BOSTON.—Photographed by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 411.]

WHAT IS SURE TO STICK.

THE MOST QUESTIONABLE BRICK IN THE AQUEDUCT—SQUIRE.

CYNIC FORTUNE:*

A TALE OF A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "First Person Singular," "Rainbow Gold," "A Model Father," etc.

XV.

There are thousands of passably brave people who are experimentally aware that fears which are barely supportable in the night-time vanish with the coming of the day. When Gabriel Kenyon awoke, at the entrance of his quiet and well-conditioned servant, and the man drew aside the curtains and pulled up the blinds, the warm summer sunlight, already lying broadcast about the landscape, seemed at once to banish the troubles which had haunted him in sleep. The cause of his fears had been altogether too shadowy to endure; and as he dressed, he wondered a little at himself for having been touched by it at all.

In a little while his thoughts passed to what seemed a more substantial trouble. It was not strange that, with the abnormal training he had given himself, he should have grown profoundly superstitious. It had been a habit with him, in the days when he was first becoming persuaded of his own regeneration and pardon, to make the decision of his puppet Providence hang upon any little trifle. The unexpected submission of a quarrelsome tenant with a turn for litigation—the passing of a cloud from the landscape—the very flight of a bird from a bough—and a thousand other things as little bearing on his case, had been accepted by him as omens. In his more nervous times he played, as it were, at pitch and toss for his own soul; and in the practice of the *sortes* (which was a favorite occupation of his) was elevated or depressed by the text he fell upon. And now he made the question of Lord Bagleigh's proposal to Helen, and her acceptance or non-acceptance of it, a test. If he were really and truly pardoned, Helen would consent; if he were not really and truly pardoned, but were yet in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, her refusal would be a sign to him.

In his inmost heart he was rather relieved to have come to this conclusion about the Bagleigh episode, because he desired the match; and his new view of the proposal left him conscience-free to do his best in order to secure it.

To unravel and to reel up into orderly narrative the spider's-web sophistries he constantly and hourly spun for himself would be tedious, if it were possible; but this much may be taken as an indication.

It was his habit in fine weather to walk for half an hour before breakfast, and this exercise was generally taken in his own grounds. This morning, being wishful to be left alone with his thoughts, he passed through the gate and walked toward the village, where an occasional nod of urbane condescension was all that was expected of him in the way of social intercourse.

It may have been an active factor in the formation of the local opinion about him, that he permitted himself none of those relaxations in attire which are customary with English gentlemen. Nobody had ever seen Mr. Kenyon, since he took up his residence at the Lodge, in morning tweeds. The local rustic imagination would have failed to picture him as he would have appeared in a round hat and a shooting jacket. He was invariably dressed in black. A frock-coat cut somewhat long, in a rather antique but prodigiously respectable style; a glossy hat, rather unusually broad in the brim, and having something of an ecclesiastical, or even episcopal, suggestion in its form; high collars, of the shape which had been fashionable in his youth; a satin stock, the shining buckle of which showed behind his neck as he stooped in walking; black gloves, which were always tight and new and glossy—all these things, in conjunction with his staid walk and the studied deliberation and suavity of his address, helped to mark him in the minds of his less important neighbors. They indicated respectability of the highest and solidest sort; they even indicated goodness.

He was getting on in years now, and, what with his age and his troubles, his hair had grown to a silver whiteness. His scrupulously shaven face had a delicate but not unhealthy pallor. He walked slowly, with his hands behind his back, or held in front of him as he toyed with his gold-rimmed *pince-nez*. It would be hard to picture a more respectable figure than he presented as he passed slowly down the village street, returning here and there the salutations with which he was greeted.

Auguste Moreau had never seemed more profoundly and securely buried than at the hour which heralded his resurrection.

At the doorway of the village hotel, Mr. Kenyon discerned a stranger of unmistakably foreign aspect. He was dressed coarsely and cheaply, and he carried his fineries with an almost ferocious swagger. Mr. Kenyon gave him a condescendingly polite "Good-morning," being always willing to impress by his urbanity. The foreign stranger raised his hat, and responded to his salutation with a marked accent. Gabriel passed on, not displeased at the impression his aspect had evidently produced upon the foreign person. Gustave Peltzer stared after him, and no more associated him with Auguste Moreau than with the man in the moon. But a small bald man, who stood bareheaded within the doorway, felt the palms of his hands suddenly hot and moist, and rubbed them together with a feeble groan as the unconscious quarry and the unrecognizing huntsman saluted each other.

"What ails you, mon bon?" cried the swaggering foreigner, turning at the sound, and looking in at the doorway.

"Rien," responded the poor Sullivan, miserably, "rien de tout."

"Order for me," said Peltzer, "a little glass of brandy, and pay for it. It is well you came here. This scoundrel of a patron here demands to be paid for all things before they are served, because I am without baggage. By-and-by, my friend, I will affront him with the sight of more money than he ever saw before."

Sullivan rubbed his baldness pensively, waggled his head, and tried to smile; but his attempt to recall his old self was a failure, and he went off dismally to order the brandy the imperious Peltzer had demanded.

Meanwhile, Gabriel pursued his way in the odor of respectability, and savored with an even unusual relish the marks of respect and consideration with which he was greeted. He appeared at the breakfast table at the stroke of nine, and took his seat there. Douglas had already introduced the Major to Helen, and the quartette sat down in a rather unsocial silence. Morton was still exercised by his own particular problem. Douglas was a little puzzled and disturbed by his old comrade's manner. Gabriel was sunk deep in the consideration of his test and its chances; and Helen was thus left with nobody to talk to her who did not give her cross questions or crooked answers.

In the middle of the repast the venerable Partridge toddled in with the post-bag. Gabriel unlocked it, discovered there two or three letters addressed to his niece and one to Douglas, together with some ten or a dozen directed to himself. He threw these down, after sorting them from the others, and the Major, on whose side of the table he laid them, saw at the top of the little pile the broad superscription of Sullivan's letter. It fascinated him, and his talk began to go altogether at random. In answer to Douglas, he said one or two things so manifestly inappropriate and absurd that even Gabriel came out of his preoccupation to stare at him.

The Major noticed the sensation he produced, and made a strenuous effort to command himself.

Kenyon showed no disposition to hurry over the reading of his correspondence. He pushed the letters about with the tips of his fingers, looking idly at the address of one and the seal of another, and then continued his breakfast.

Sullivan's letter was now more than half-way hidden from the Major's gaze, but whether he looked at it or not, he was forced to read its contents over and over again, and the very flourishes of the capitals and finals were clearly before him.

It seemed an age before Gabriel had finished his frugal breakfast; but at last he rose, took up his letters in both hands, nodded round in a casual manner, and withdrew, to the Major's momentary but prodigious relief, to the library.

Here he seated himself at a knee-table which stood in the recess of a bow-window looking upon the lawn. He laid the letters down before him, and, drumming on the table with his fingers, sat thinking out the Bagleigh Providence test until he had brought himself to believe that he was fairly certain of success in it. Then he began to open his letters, turning each one round before he broke the envelope, and making elaborate use of his delicate fingers in the manipulation of them. Sullivan's epistle lay about half-way down. The plain blue business envelope and the broad clerk-like handwriting naturally told him nothing. He opened the letter with no sense of premonition of its contents; but the first words upon which his eye lighted brought him to his feet. He stood for a moment quite dazed and sick, and slowly and automatically reseating himself, he tried to read. He had so far seen nothing but the name of his cousin Robert's murderer, and what with the sick singing in his head, the sudden film before his eyes, and the way in which the paper shook in his trembling fingers, he could make out nothing more. At last he held the letter resolutely down upon the desk before him with both hands, and poring on it with a dreadful eagerness, mastered its contents. His face was of the color of lead, and he began to quake from head to foot, as though he had been struck suddenly with palsy.

Horribly as the letter affected him, he seemed at first to have no comprehension of it. He was like a man hit by a bludgeon, who is too much stunned to know for the moment what has happened to him. But when the first ghastly terror of the shock had passed away, he re-read the letter, and saw that his dead-and-buried secret was alive and abroad again. When once his mind began to clear, he grappled with the phantom desperately, and struggled with it with all his might. The letter, in spite of its purposed ambiguity, was clearer than the day. His identity with Auguste Moreau was known. Moreau's crime was known.

But the letter offered help. Since the Major had read it, Sullivan had added a postscript to the effect that, if it were worth Mr. Kenyon's while to see him, he would be found, at the time at which this letter would be delivered, at the village hotel. There could be no object in the writer's mind in this, thought Gabriel, but the levying of black-mail. Well, there was little in the way of black-mail which he was not prepared to pay. He knew that he could be forced to part with anything rather than have his secret known.

He had scarcely come to this conclusion when a sort of blind, wild, fighting instinct welled up in him, and surprised him by its vigor and intensity. He would yield what must needs be yielded, but he would save himself at any hazard, and at least he would face this phantom fighting. To a man agitated by such thoughts as these, physical motion was a necessity; and he paced up and down the room until his quickened pulses and his unexpected fighting instinct so inspired him that he was able to sit down and write. The handwriting was hurried and disordered, and had little resemblance to his usual characters, which were peculiarly small, neat, and cruel.

In effect, the letter briefly informed Mr. Sullivan that Mr. Kenyon was at home, and would see him at once.

When it was written, enveloped, and addressed, Gabriel stood for a minute to recover a semblance of tranquillity, and then ringing the bell, directed the man who answered it to the Railway Arms, with instructions to ask for an immediate answer. The servant took the letter, noticing nothing unusual in his employer's demeanor; and Gabriel, walking up and down the library, resigned himself to wait.

Whilst he waited, he shot conjecture far and wide. Who was the man who threatened him? How had he come to know anything which should enable him to threaten? And why had he himself been allowed to live all these years in prosperity and peace? None of these questions were answerable until the man appeared, but they kept up a clamor of anguished astonishment within him, and were as exigent as the very desire of safety itself.

He walked faster and faster up and down the room in his excitement, and the motion gave him courage. It was all so long ago. He was so firmly established in respectability. He had for years borne a character so unblemished that the idea of charging him with such a crime must needs seem preposterous. He got up within his own mind a sort of blustering disdain at it. Was it possible that a man of his position, of his family, of his reputation for goodness, could be assailed by such a charge? Then this high-soaring braggadocio was pierced through and through with fear, and fell to the ground like lead. What had been, had been. The thing was done; there was no undoing it. If it were proved against him, if it could be proved against him, in spite of his repentance, in spite of the sanctity and benevolence of his life, in spite of that charming understanding with Providence that he had long arrived at, he would be tried, sentenced, and hanged—he, Gabriel Kenyon.

When he had reached to this conclusion, and had begun to feel a hysteric rebellion at it as being altogether unjust and horrible, the man whom he had despatched to the Railway Arms returned to say that the person who had been sent for was in attendance.

"Let him come in when I ring," said Gabriel. The walls of his body seemed to surround a vacuum, and he was cold, and a little inclined to be sick. He was an abstemious man, as a rule, but he longed for a stimulant, and nothing kept him back from calling for it but the knowledge that the summons would bring in his visitor. He made a prodigious effort to recover his self-control, and having drawn his chair away from the clear light of the window, he sunk into it, and laid a hand upon the bell-pull. He sat thus for a minute before he found courage to ring, and when at last he did so he sounded an unusually agitated and noisy peal. This brought in Mr. Sullivan, who advanced a few steps into the room and there paused, looking much less like a man who was about to accuse another than a man about to be accused.

Gabriel, fixing his gold-rimmed *pince-nez* with the trembling fingers of both hands, looked up at him, seeing nothing except that the man was there. What manner of man it was, his eyes refused to tell him.

He cleared his throat, and in a voice which, though rather unusually harsh and dry, was still so commonplace business-like that its sound encouraged him, he asked,

"Are you the person who addressed me yesterday, signing himself Cyrus Sullivan?"

"I had that pleasure," Mr. Sullivan responded—"that honor."

"What was your purpose in writing that letter?" Gabriel asked.

Cyrus murmured something, of which the words "amicable understanding" were alone audible. Kenyon began to gather courage more and more.

"I must ask you to explain yourself," he said, speaking pretty firmly now. "What was your object in addressing this letter to me?"

"Well," returned Mr. Sullivan, "I thought you might take it in a friendly way. I thought it might be useful to you."

This, though it was spoken with an extreme feebleness and humility, disconcerted Gabriel so profoundly that all his old symptoms came back again together, and he could find nothing to say in answer to it.

"You see, sir," pursued Cyrus, who was almost as much frightened as Gabriel himself, "that I am not the mover in this matter. If there should turn out to be anything against Mr. Moreau, I thought it might be worth while to put him on his guard."

"Why should you come to me," asked Gabriel, "to speak of this man? Why, supposing that the man exists at all, should you imagine me to have an interest in him?"

"I suppose, sir," said Cyrus, tremulously, appearing to disregard this question, "I suppose, sir, that you don't remember me." Gabriel looked toward him, and tried to make a study of his features.

"I do not remember," he said, hoarsely, "that I ever encountered you before."

"I had the pleasure," said Cyrus, "of travelling from Paris to London with Monsieur Moreau on the tenth day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight."

Gabriel's gray face went a tone grayer.

"After that," pursued Sullivan, "I had the pleasure of accompanying you by coach as far as Perry Haughton. You may remember that you alighted at the King and Constitution."

The merest hint of Sullivan's habitual bird-like insolence of manner remained to him; but this was only because the fashions of a lifetime could not be thrown away in a moment.

As for Gabriel, he felt as though a net were being drawn inexorably about him.

"What induced you," he asked, speaking with great difficulty—"what induced you to follow me here?"

"I was instructed," answered Sullivan, "to follow Monsieur Moreau from Paris, and to find out where he went."

"Who set you to watch this man Moreau?"

He knew that the pretence was practically futile, but he could not help employing it.

"A gentleman," responded Sullivan, "who lived in the same house with him. A gentleman who occupied the room above him."

As if every day and hour and instant which stood between him and his crime had vanished, Gabriel saw the shabby, littered room, and the bed in the corner with the quiet figure on it. He could hear quite distinctly the sound of a muffled, irregular breathing, and for the first time in his life he was able to localize it. It sounded from overhead.

"Who was the man?" he asked.

"His name," said Sullivan, "is Armand Camus, but he was known to you as Gustave Peltzer."

"To me!" cried Gabriel. "No man of that name was ever known to me."

"He says," rejoined Sullivan, "that Monsieur Moreau, who was a doctor, knew him well, and attended him once when he broke his wrist."

"You know this man?" asked Gabriel, still with his eyes upon the floor.

"Yes," Cyrus answered.

"Where is he?"

"Here."

"Do you mean in Perry Haughton?"

"Yes, sir."

"You spoke in your letter," said Gabriel, desperately, feeling his way to meet what he knew must come at last—"you spoke in your letter of a danger which threatened Monsieur Moreau. What is that danger?"

"You see, sir," Cyrus answered, with a frightened amiability, "if what Peltzer says is true, and Monsieur Moreau were caught, he would be hanged."

Gabriel, still holding with one hand to the back of the chair before him, sent the fingers of the other nervously to his collar, where they tugged at it as if he felt a sudden tightness at the throat.

"He would be hanged?" said Gabriel.

"The affair, sir," said Cyrus, "happened in France, but it was—" He searched for a word, and only finding the one that came first, skipped over it as delicately as he could. "The affair was committed, sir, in France, but Monsieur Moreau was an English subject, and so was the other gentleman."

"And now," said Gabriel, "what is your object in bringing this history to me?"

"Well, sir," replied Sullivan, rubbing his hands together in a manner almost ingratiatory, "if I had not brought it, it might have been brought by another person in another way."

"And you suppose me," said Gabriel, still hiding himself behind that unavailing shelter which concealed no tremor of his inmost heart—"you suppose me to be interested in the affairs of Monsieur Moreau, and I presume you expect me to induce him to make some recognition of your desire to be of service to him."

And here, almost as much to his own surprise as to Gabriel's, an unexpected trait declared itself to Mr. Sullivan.

"No," he said, "I don't. I could not touch a penny if I wanted bread." He spoke with vehemence, and for the first time naturally.

"What do you want, then?" Gabriel asked. "Why do you come here?"

"I don't know why I came here," responded Cyrus, "except that that damned scoundrel gloated so; I couldn't bear to think of having had a hand in it. If you take my tip," he added, "you'll get from here as fast as you can get anything to carry you. He's got neither heart nor bowels. He'll bleed you to your last sixpence, and as likely as not when your cleaned out he'll write to Scotland Yard."

This was by no means what he had come prepared to say. The Major's shot had hit the mark, and Mr. Sullivan's primary intent to warn Mr. Gabriel was at least tinctured by some hope of securing pecuniary benefit. But when he came to the point, he discovered that he was not of the stuff of which black-mailers for crime are made, and a sudden vivid horror of money got in that way took hold upon him. Besides this, the feeble little Cyrus, who had hardly ever kept a conscience in his life, and had long since ceased to trouble himself much about small scruples of any sort, felt it in his heart to be a deadly pity that so respectable-seeming a personage as Gabriel Kenyon, living in such a house, and owning such a property and such a reputation, should be submitted to the final pains and penalties of the law for a crime committed so long ago. He was not a statesman, he was not a moralist. His chief faults were that he lied and was lazy; his only virtue was that, in so far as he could be, he was harmlessly good-natured. He had begun an enterprise which was altogether too laborious for him, and he here abandoned it.

"If I could have got at you before," he said, "I would have given you the office earlier. But when I got down last night, I found that fellow here before me; and now, if what he's got to say is true, the best advice that anybody can give you is to cut and run, and leave him in the lurch. You don't know at any minute when he'll turn up; and if he once lays hold of you, he'll stick like a leech."

Gabriel began helplessly to turn his eyes this way and that, and wore suddenly every sign which marks a hunted creature. And whilst Sullivan was pressing him to lose no time, and he was casting here and there to guess what he might do to save himself from the threatened danger, something of a fracas arose in the hall outside, and a bullying voice was heard.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1535.

"Mais, mon ami, je le connais depuis longtemps. Nous sommes de vrais amis—de vieux amis! Laissez moi, donc! Où est il, ce Monsieur Kenyon? Je voudrais bien l'embrasser. Moi—son ancien camarade—le cœur de son cœur—l'âme de son âme!"

"I can't understand a word you're saying," piped the voice of the ancient Partridge. "You don't suppose that a fellow like you can force your way into a gentleman's house whether he will or no, and go where he wants to? If you don't go, I shall have to call the police."

"Je n'ai pas peur de çà," cried the voice outside. "Je vous comprends, mon bon, parfaitement, malgré le fait que je ne parle pas Anglais. Mais laissez moi passer, ou je vous écraserai."

"Thank God," cried Gabriel Kenyon, piously, "there is not a creature in the house who can understand him!"

But at this instant the voice of Major Morton broke in upon the mingled tones of Partridge and the intruder, demanding in perfect French to know the reason of the disturbance. At this, Gabriel cast both hands above his head.

"It's all over," he said, "all over!" and moving his hands with a dreadful writhing motion in the air, whilst Sullivan looked vainly about for a hiding-place, he fell at full length upon the floor.

XVI.

The Major had packed up his scanty traps to be gone, and was on his way to the hall, with intent to seek out his host and bid him farewell, when the sound of Monsieur Peltzer's bullying voice was first heard.

"And here," said the Major to himself (being in need of no very great penetration or swiftness to enable him at once to grasp the situation)—"here is Mr. Sullivan's partner."

He stood on the stairs for a moment to survey Peltzer. That personage had obviously taken more cognac than was good for him, and he was so exalted at the prospect of being able to bully a man of Kenyon's social pretensions, and by his own conceptions of the wealth of the immediate future, that he shone all over with a swaggering complacency.

The Major had not had the pleasure of meeting Monsieur Peltzer until now, but he knew his kind, and when the intruder began to threaten the old butler, he thought it time to interfere.

"Come, come," said the Major, descending the stairs, "what is all this row about?"

Peltzer swaggered round upon him, and flourished off his hat with an insolent leer of mock politeness.

"I have the honor," said he, "to be a dear and intimate old friend of Monsieur Kenyon's. His domestics refuse to introduce me to his presence."

"You had better send in your name to Mr. Kenyon, and state your business," said the Major, quietly.

It was no affair of his. It promised to be an ugly business for all concerned in it. He had not the faintest desire to intrude into the secrets of Messieurs Peltzer and Kenyon, whom he was already disposed to regard in his own mind as a very fitting pair; but he had no sooner set eyes upon Peltzer, and heard him speak, than he experienced a vivid longing to see him soundly horsewhipped.

"But, my friend—" said Peltzer, laying a hand upon the Major's shoulder.

"Take your hand away," said the Major, interrupting him with little ceremony, and holding him at a distance with the point of his walking-cane.

"My friend," said Peltzer, unabashed, "I desire to give Monsieur Kenyon a little friendly surprise. I will go in and see him."

It was certainly no affair of the Major's; but the man's drunken insolence so angered him that he took upon himself to say,

"I can assure you, you will do nothing of the sort."

"Are you a friend of Monsieur Kenyon's?" demanded Peltzer, jeeringly.

The Major returned no answer, but addressing Partridge, asked him if there were no able-bodied men-servants about the house.

"Half a dozen, sir," said Partridge.

"Bring two of them," said the Major.

"Bring twenty," said Peltzer, who appeared to have understood the colloquy, though he made no pretence of speaking English. "Are you a friend of Monsieur Kenyon's, sir?" he asked again; and again the Major disdained to answer him. "If any friend of Monsieur Kenyon's," said Peltzer, "stays me from doing what I want to do, Monsieur Kenyon will not be grateful to him. Monsieur Kenyon would desire that I should have my way. You shall see us in half an hour's time from now, and you shall see how tenderly attached to me he is."

"Listen to me, Monsieur Peltzer," said the Major. He had no other object in calling the fellow by the only name by which he knew him than to use it as a sort of ceremonious mockery; but the effect the mention of the name produced was nothing less than remarkable. Monsieur Peltzer staggered back a pace, his blotched countenance grew pale upon a sudden, and for a second or two his eyes roved like those of a creature taken in a trap. "My mention of your name surprised you, I observe, Monsieur," said the Major. "You may not have supposed yourself known." His instinctive antagonism to this vile bird of prey from the galleys was making a partisan of him. "This is absolutely no business of mine," he continued; "but if you have anything to say to the master of this house, go outside, send in a statement of your business, and wait until you are sent for."

At this moment a bell in the servants' quarter pealed wildly again and again and again; and Kenyon's valet, running hurriedly to answer this unusual summons, pushed past the Major with a hasty word of apology, and opened the library door. Almost at the same instant, Partridge appeared in the rear, with the groom and the gardener.

"Let any one so much as lay a hand upon me," cried Peltzer, "and I will ruin the house! I demand to see this Kenyon—I insist!"

The position into which the Major had allowed himself to be hurried was by no means either agreeable or dignified. He had, as a matter of course, no shadow of authority in Kenyon's house, and no right to prevent any caller upon Kenyon from behaving as he pleased. If he had been but a little more intimate with his host of the moment, he would have felt his own position stronger. As it was, he saw that he had done more than he had a right to do, and thought it time to effect a judicious retirement.

"This fellow," he said to the men, "is drunk, and is threatening your master."

In face of this statement, the groom and the gardener waited for no instructions. There was a little scrimmage along the hall, the Major following with an air of languid interest; and at the end of it Monsieur Peltzer was ejected into the arms of Lord Bagleigh, who had at that moment alighted from his horse at the door.

The young nobleman, with his arms under those of the half-prostrate Peltzer, stared in sheer amazement at the Major and the servants; but Peltzer, struggling to his feet, and freeing himself from his Lordship's unconscious grasp, broke into maledictions.

"So," cried Peltzer, waving his arms in mad gesticulation, "you eject me from the house that I could ruin! You throw me out of the presence of this assassin whom I could hang! I could hang him—this Kenyon—I could hang him!"

"Oh, I say, come, look here, you know," said Lord Bagleigh, addressing the Major, whom he recognized as the only gentleman in the group, "this is pitching it too strong. I shall take it on myself to give this fellow in charge. Begad, I shall."

The Major recognized his Lordship, though he had seen him but once before.

"He certainly deserves it," he answered. "I would have done it long ago if I had had authority."

There was tumult outside the house, for Peltzer was raving and cursing, and the groom and the gardener were struggling with him to prevent him from re-entering; and inside bells were ringing, and voices calling, and footsteps running here and there in strange confusion; but those outside the door were at present too much concerned with Peltzer to have eyes or ears for what was going on within.

"Do you hear me?" cried Peltzer, struggling between the gardener and the groom. "I can hang him—the assassin! I will hang him like a dog. I tell you—you who throw me from his door—that I hold this Kenyon in my fingers, and can hang him like a dog!"

"Rather like a dog himself, begad!" said his Lordship, addressing the Major.

And, indeed, Peltzer, yelping and snarling, did look rather like a dog of the homeless and dangerous sort.

Over and over again, the Major had confessed this was no affair of his; and yet he felt relieved to notice that Bagleigh paid no heed whatever to Peltzer's asseverations of his power over Kenyon. To the young gentleman himself they sounded like nothing more nor less than the ravings of a lunatic.

"Mais, je dit, voyez vous—vous êtes en rébotte; ne c'est pas?" said his Lordship, placidly, to Peltzer.

At this the bird of prey from the galleys began almost to scream with rage.

"Are you mad?" he cried. "Do you think you are friends of this Kenyon? Bring me face to face with him! Let me see him! Do you think you serve his turn by driving me from his door?"

"Really, begad," said his Lordship, "I never heard anything like it! Take the man away. Take him to the police station."

The two men, glad enough to get the order, wheeled Peltzer round and hurried him along the drive. He went, protesting vengeance and struggling against his captors. But these were stalwart fellows, and in a little while they succeeded in getting him into a run; and Peltzer, whose habits were not conducive to vigor of body, was soon too much out of breath for invective.

XVII.

Whilst unusual things were happening within the walls of the Lodge, one of the most ordinary things in the world was happening just outside them; for there, in the quiet, sunlit gardens, with the flowers blooming, and the birds singing about them in fit and pleasant accompaniment, a man and a maid were awaking broadly to the fact that they were falling in love with each other. As a matter of course, Dick Douglas was bound in honor to take no advantage whatever of the trust his host reposed in him. He could say nothing, but then, like the parrot famed in history, he could think a great deal; and thought in such condition has a knack of translating itself in a hundred ways without the help of speech. He and Helen had already been self-conscious enough in each other's presence, and had been forced to keep up an appearance of mere friendship by a constant gay raillery and flow of high spirits. But when Gabriel brought to the girl the first proposal of marriage which had been made to her, he did much toward making a woman of her. And now her self-consciousness was more than ever awakened. The gardens were large enough for half a score pairs of lovers to hide themselves in, had they been so minded.

For the space of half an hour or so their conversation might have been listened to by anybody; but by-and-by it became, and almost in spite of themselves, a little more intimate.

"I shall have to go away in a day or two," said Douglas.

The girl said nothing, but busied herself in disentangling a knot her idle fingers had made a moment or two before in the pendent cord from her parasol. This silence chilled him. It is noticeable that those signs which should be most encouraging to a lover, and which are in themselves the most broadly prophetic of success, are generally those which dash his hopes.

"I had a letter this morning," he went on, mournfully, "from Begg & Batter, of Chancery Lane."

"Who are they?" she asked.

"They are a very influential firm of solicitors," said Douglas, "and of course it's a great stroke of good fortune to find one's self applied to by them."

"My uncle says," said Helen, "that you are likely to rise fast in your profession, Mr. Douglas."

"I shall try," he answered, with that easy oblivion of obstacles which is common to young men. "As a matter of course, I ought to be very glad to be called to town on such business, but somehow I am afraid I sha'n't be."

He wanted to say a great deal more than this, and if the positions had been reversed—if he had been walking about the stately grounds which were one day to be his own, and could have looked from where he stood on farm and farmstead which had been his father's before him, and must ultimately come to him, and if the girl had been, say, a governess, with no prospect but one of labor and of straitened means before her—he could have said all that was in his heart to say. Honorable poor men do sometimes make love to rich women; but there are few such obstacles to love as money.

"The moralists are very severe about idleness," said Dick, not that he wanted to qualify what he had said before, but because her silence made it seem necessary to say something; "and yet I must confess that I find it very pleasant."

"If I were a man," she answered, glad to find her feet upon firm ground again, "I do not think I should like to be idle."

"Not occasionally?" he asked.

"Perhaps occasionally," she answered, with a little laugh, and somehow found the firm ground gliding from under her again.

"I am sorry to go," said Douglas, resolute not to say more than he ought to say. "One cannot exchange all this for Chancery Lane and Fleet Street without a little reluctance."

"No," she answered; "the country is pleasanter than London at this time of year."

"Much," said Douglas, rather forlornly—"much pleasanter." He had it in his mind to say that he could have forsaken the landscape for a dungeon under given circumstances with great joy, but he repressed himself heroically.

The silence began to be embarrassing; and by-and-by Helen, feeling that she had been cold about his going, ventured to say,

"We shall be sorry to lose you, Mr. Douglas."

There are ways and ways of saying things, and the words might mean much or nothing. As she spoke them, they sounded like the iciest little bit of commonplace conceivable.

"One likes to think that one's friends are not absolutely glad to see the last of one," said Douglas, making his tone as commonplace as hers.

"The last?" she answered, looking up at him with a smile of complete self-possession. And yet (if one may tell the truth about a girl's feelings in a case like this) she was so far from being self-possessed at the desolate prospect the words conveyed to her, that the very light and warmth of the landscape seemed to die away as she spoke them. "It would be a strange friendship that would delight in that."

She felt as if this, in its boldness, were an almost awful thing to say.

"I suppose so," the young fellow answered. "I have enjoyed myself immensely," he added, in the very tone he might have used if his companion had been of his own sex.

"I am afraid you have found us a little dull at times," said Helen.

"Dull!" he said. "Is Paradise dull? I have never been so happy in my life."

Now, to be thirsty with a cooling draught at hand, and to long for that cooling draught and not touch it, is one thing; to put it to the lips and, having tasted it, to set it down again, is another and a much more arduous business. Douglas—to follow out this original and striking metaphor—set the glass down, but did so with so keen an inward longing that he had never felt the like.

If the girl had spoken the truth she might have answered, "Nor I, either." But it is no recognized part of a girl's duty in such cases to tell the truth; and the earnest little quiver of conviction in her companion's voice frightened her.

Love's path is proverbially lined with roses, but the roses have their thorns.

There was nothing in the world which could have given her so much joy as to know that this penniless young barrister loved her; but if by a look or a tone he so much as began to hint at it, she was afraid of him.

It is all a very old story, but delightful to linger upon. Little patches of sunlight on her dress, her hands, her hair, flickering illuminations of a cheek the color of a rose-leaf, or an ear the color of a shell, the white contour of throat and chin, the delicate and scarcely perceptible motions of the lips, thoughts that seemed to swim transparent in the candid, beautiful gray eyes—the least of these things brought an aching sweetness to the lover's heart. Never sunlight fell on anything half so precious as the little foot, the ungloved hand, the bronze hair it turned to gold, or the shell-like little ear. He would have kissed every sunfleck had he dared. He would, had he dared, have knelt before her and adored.

A good little girl, a little prettier than the common run of good little girls in England—though that may be saying much—and he made a goddess of her, a creature of another sphere! And he, without being an altogether commonplace young man, can scarcely be supposed to have justified her estimate of him; for to her mind, quite naturally, he was wise and learned beyond his years, and good and noble and handsome beyond belief.

They longed to tell each other of each other's perfections—he in his passionate male fashion, and she in her virginal and, as yet, passionless way.

The young man's declaration kept them both silent for a time. The girl walked on by his side, touched by numberless slight electric thrills, and tried so bravely to bring herself to order that when she spoke it was with a seeming of perfect indifference.

"And when do you think of leaving us, Mr. Douglas?"

"I am afraid I must go," said Dick, mournfully—"that I must go to-morrow."

"I suppose you find a pleasure in your work?" she said, not daring to give him even a momentary chance of sliding back to dangerous ground again.

"In part of it," he said, rather disinterestedly.

Here they reached the limits of the garden, and, turning, saw the figure of the elderly Partridge at a distance. The old man moved at what was for him a very unusual pace, and made vigorous signs to some person who was invisible to Helen and her companion. He disappeared behind a stretch of trellised walk, and they forgot him and strolled on toward the house.

"I hope," said Douglas, in his lightest way, "that I shall have some opportunity of seeing you in town, Miss Kenyon?"

"Oh, I hope so," she exclaimed. "But my uncle's feelings and prejudices are all against gayety. Do you know, I have never been in London but once, and then to attend the May Meetings."

"You found them gay?" asked Douglas, looking down at her with a momentary gleam.

"Not very," she responded. "I should have liked to stay for the season."

"I wish," said the lover, half eagerly and half humorously, "that it were proper and possible for a young man to chaperon a young lady. I think you might find scenes in London which would be brighter even than the May Meetings."

If he had not been in love he might have offered this harmless little jest quite safely; but as it was he began to thrill and tremble in the absurdest manner at the sweet and daring idea it conveyed to him. Oh, to have her to chaperon and guard—to show her the world—to give her whatever would make her happy—to have her under his wing, where no one should have a right to come between them!

"Well, I am going away," he went on, "and the holiday's over. I shall think of Perry Haughton very often."

She, catching at the meaning of his words, and not at the words themselves, had just begun to say, "So shall I," but stopped at the second word in a little embarrassment.

"Shall you?—shall you?" cried he, not thinking of the words at all, but only of the thought. "I've had a very happy time here—the happiest I ever had in my life."

The glass was at his lips again, but he had once more to put it down. Perhaps, all things considered, he had said enough, possibly a good deal more than he had a right to say. This reflection sobered and saddened him, and the girl, of course, could say nothing. They walked on toward the house, and whilst they were yet at a considerable distance from it, there broke upon the air the sound of M. Peltzer's later objurgations. His voice was clear enough, even at this distance, but, happily for themselves, neither of the young people understood the language in which he spoke. It would have been horrible to have been in the society of a lady within hearing of the language M. Peltzer chose to use; and Helen herself, though she could scarcely have been expected to understand much of it, would have been necessarily shocked by the threats and accusations hurled against her uncle. But the unexpected tumult in so retired a quarter—a place where everything was commonly so quiet—set the girl running to see what might be the matter, and Douglas followed her. The storming, raging voice rose higher and higher as it went farther away. And then, when both Douglas and the girl were running fast, the peal which Cyrus rang upon the library bell sounded in their ears. All this was strange and alarming, and Helen, putting herself to her best speed, ran into the hall by the lower entrance, and seeing two or three domestics with frightened faces clustered round the library door, passed amongst them, sobbing for breath, and saw her uncle lying prone upon the floor, with his head supported by a stranger. Douglas, following closely, recognized the stranger to his own amazement. A stout woman—the cook—was standing irresolute and frightened, with a carafe of water in one hand and a glass in the other. The unconscious Gabriel's head and face, and Sullivan's knees and hands, were all dripping.

"Ride off for a doctor, one of you," cried the girl, panting. "Quick! Quick!"

At such a moment nothing was strange. It was no surprise to her to hear Bagleigh's voice behind her, speaking in tones of unusual decision and directness.

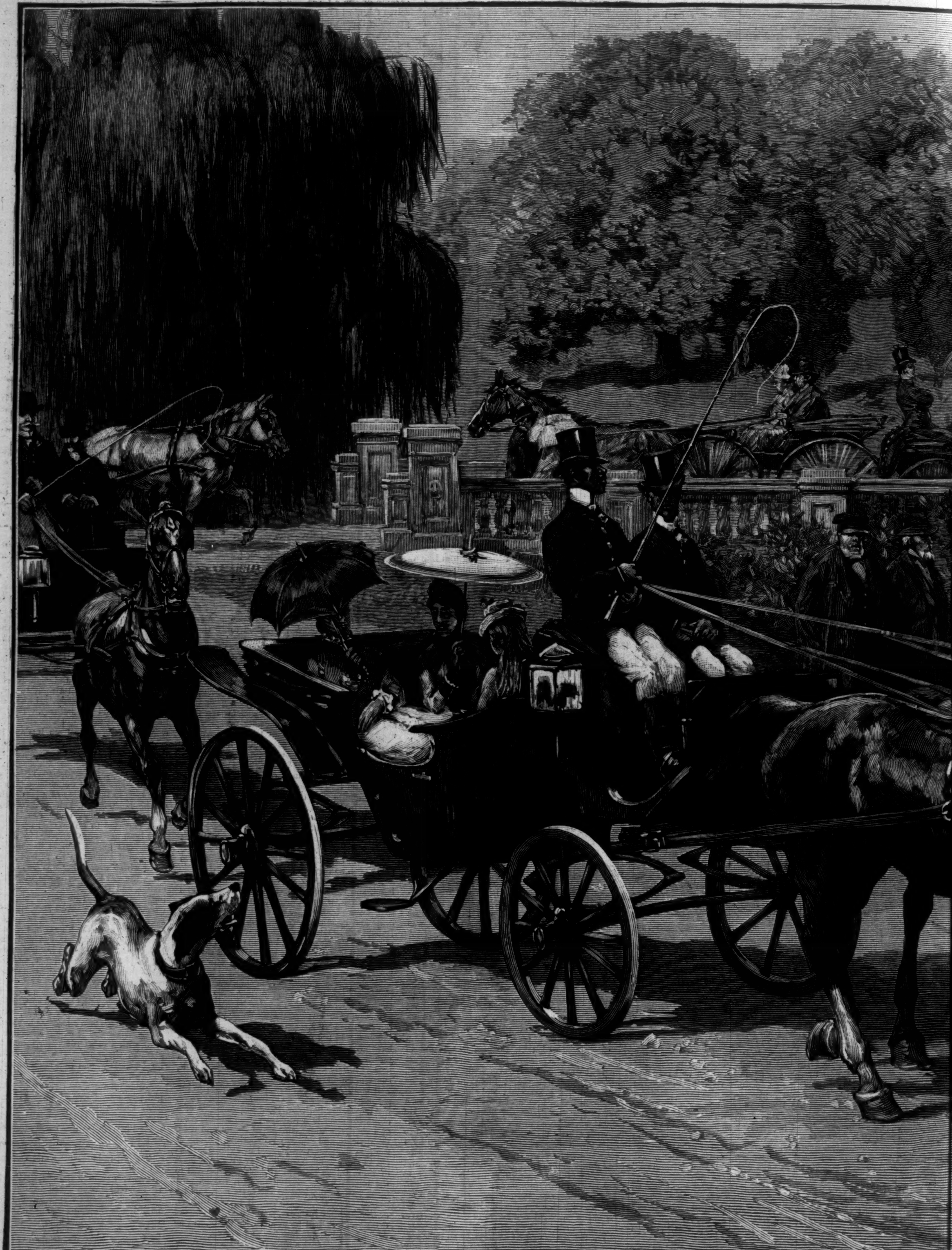
"Take my horse. He's standing outside."

The girl ran to Gabriel, and Sullivan made way for her.

The rest entered the room, with the exception of the Major, who stood in the doorway, and, catching Sullivan's glance, summoned him silently with a beckoning forefinger. Sullivan obeyed the voiceless call, and approached the Major pale and terror-stricken. Morton laid a hand upon his collar, and gently insinuating his fingers until he had secured a firm grasp, he marched the little man before him to the hall door, and on to the gravel drive before it.

"Now you and I," said he, "are going to have a talk together."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE DRIVE TO THE SOLDIERS' HOME AT WA

WASHINGTON.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 410.]

DRIVING TO THE "SOLDIERS' HOME."

There are two drives to be taken by the visitor to the city of Washington which are always spoken of first by the sight-seer as well as the resident, and both possess charms for the lover of fine scenery as well as for the student of history. One of these drives is that over the Potomac by the Long Bridge, or the old Aqueduct Bridge at Georgetown, to Arlington; the other is the drive north to the Soldiers' Home. The Soldiers' Home drive is the most popular, as it is the most accessible, and it bears repeated visiting without tiring the visitor, as does the melancholy cemetery at Arlington, with its thousands of eloquent white head-stones. The popular driving hour in Washington is just at sundown, after the dinner hour, which is earlier in most houses than it is in New York. When the tide has fairly set toward the Soldiers' Home the pretty shaded streets in the northwest section are contributing all sorts of equipages to the procession that streams into Seventh Street Road from Fourteenth Street and Boundary Road—a sort of boulevard at the edge of the city. The asphalted roads stop at the boundary, and from that point over Columbia Heights, which rise sharply from the city limits, there are dirt roads to the Home. It is but three miles from the city to the Home, and the road lies for a part of the distance through an uninteresting neighborhood. It is a steadily rising road, however, and as the carriages turn into a shaded lane, where the roadway is bowered by the trees on each side, the visitor sees that the city he has left is spread out before him far to the east and west. A little chapel and an inner gate are passed, and then a perfect road is found leading off to the right through a majestic forest. There are about five hundred acres in the enclosure, and they include stretches of lawn, forests that are the results of years of growth and care, lakes, gardens, farm patches, and the buildings for the old soldiers for whom the property was acquired.

The drive by the east winds gracefully through field and forest until it reaches the immediate neighborhood of the Home—a large brick building, with extensive piazzas, usually occupied by blue-coated veterans. The dormitories, kitchen, farm-house, residences of the Superintendent and his subordinates, cluster about the Home, and close by it is the little cottage, not now used, but made familiar to everybody as the Soldiers' Home cottage occupied by Presidents Buchanan, Lincoln, Hayes, and Arthur during the summer months of their administrations. North of the Home is an attractive building, containing a library for the inmates of the Home, and beyond it, outside of the grounds, is the National Cemetery, with its 5424 graves. One who drives through the grounds and back will probably not be impressed with the elevation of the Home until the return. At the top of the hill, a short distance from the central buildings, a magnificent view of the city, the Potomac River, the hills of Virginia and Maryland, is obtained. The Capitol building is a conspicuous glistening white object in the middle distance, set in the green of the thousands of shade trees that rise above the buildings of the city. On a hill within the grounds, between the observer and the point where he entered, is the hospital, a large and substantial building, most favorably placed to catch any passing breeze in summer. No well-informed driver will let a visitor to the Soldiers' Home grounds fail to see what is called "The Vista." It is a glimpse of the Capitol caught through the accidentally formed frame of foliage of several trees, and the effect is pretty. The roads in the Home grounds, which is a sort of park, not so extensive as Central Park, but more favored by nature, are maintained by the inmates. Begun by an appropriation of the pillage money exacted by General Scott from the city of Mexico, the Home is now supported by contributions from the soldiers in the regular army, with assistance from Congress.

WHAT CAME OF A HOLIDAY.

Madam E—— and her daughters held a council of war, but assent to the proposed measure was a foregone conclusion. Never had that impecunious household been known to resist the allurement of gold. No matter when, how, or by whom presented, there was always ready a salve for conscience, and the filthy lucre secured; so it was decided Mrs. Kent was to occupy the most desirable bedroom, second floor front, of Madam E——'s very select boarding-house. Shortly after installation in this abode that lady writes:

LETTER FIRST.

MRS. KENT TO MISS LEE.

"Dear Lizzie,—I doubt whether my hopes are destined to know any kind of fruition. I have found not only a quiet place, but a maliciously dull one, and it has been so long since I took off my work-a-day harness that I believe I have forgotten how to enact the pleasing rôle of lily of the field; toiling not and spinning not were formerly much to my taste, but now, released from the dull routine of daily tasks, instead of enjoying the blissful repose I anticipated, the weeks of my allotted stay here loom up appallingly. This is an oppressively genteel family, and Madam E—— emulates the provident ant. It seems that the dead and gone E—— left her his irreproachable name, a houseful of girls, and this pretty old home. So she 'accommodates during the season a few boarders that come well recommended,' and upon the proceeds thereof maintains the domestic *ménage*, not only 'during the season,' but from January to December. Though there are Sèvres and silver, the viands served up are far less costly in character. I was never an epicure, but not being a dyspeptic, neither have I a fancy for starvation rations. Besides myself there are in the house two families from New Orleans; the women are beautiful as only those creole women can be, likewise stupid and indolent; the men come out from the city once or twice a week. *Au reste*, at six o'clock in the morning a maid awakens me to take a tiny cup of black coffee, which I am told the inhabitants of this latitude universally indulge in at this early hour, and being a coffee toper myself, I fell into the habit very readily; then I hasten for my morning bath. Thus far this has been the most delightful part of the day. I plunge into the briny waters; the white-capped waves break over my head....

"The externals of the place, I must tell you, are far from unattractive; it is embowered in foliage; mammoth live-oaks stretch their branches over and around it; there are rows of orange-trees, planted by Madam E—— herself more than a quarter of a century since; a lawn of emerald, and great oleanders that are one mass of pink loveliness from base to apex. A broad avenue leads directly to the beach. I often sit on the front steps watching the incoming tide, and listening to the ceaseless murmur; but I am too restless by nature, I suppose, to be thus charmed into peaceful repose. Much I fear, Elizabeth, that Satan will find mischief for my idle hands. My sole occupation at present is devising new moods and tenses for the passive voice of the verb 'to love.' Remember my forlorn isolation and be charitable. Always yours,

"Alice Kent."

LETTER SECOND.

OCTAVE COLOMBE TO A FRIEND.

"Dear Lambert,—I was about to urge you to join me here, when I discovered that 'the days of my felicities make short arches,' as well as other people's. Helena, my fair *fiancée*, is still lavish of her smiles, and the crabbing is uncommonly good, but a disturbing element has entered my paradise. However, I must go back a bit. Do you remember that only country summer of my existence? Exert yourself and recall it, though it is ten years ago. You probably know that I came home in quite an idiotic state. I had encountered a rustic maiden, proud, piquant, sparkling, and as pretty as one of her own rosebuds, who had effectually turned my head. Her father was a man of wealth and refinement, her mother one of the most charming of her sex, and even in that secluded region their home was a popular resort, where might have been encountered the best society of the State, and thus the daughter of the house, whose life had been one of almost conventual seclusion, blossomed into a rare womanhood. To make a long story short, I wooed, but did not win, the dainty lady. I was so utterly confounded that I left the place with all possible speed.

"It was quite a space before that wound cicatrized, and when, in the course of a year or two, the news drifted to me that the little gypsy was married, I experienced a queer, not to say a painful, sensation. Now leap over the intervening years and come to the present. About two weeks ago, as I was arrayed for the usual afternoon stroll upon the beach, when all the world is out driving or promenading, the following billet was handed me:

"'My dear Mr. Colombe,—After ten years it seems that my memory is more faithful than yours, for I saw and knew you, while you passed me without a token of recognition. I am forced to conclude that Father Time has played sad havoc with my appearance; nevertheless, the temptation to inform so old a friend as yourself of my proximity is quite irresistible.

"'Alice Lee Kent.'

"I read this and glanced at Helena; then I looked again at the silver-gray envelop, black-bordered, with its tasteful monogram, and my resolution was taken. I hastily excused myself, and followed the messenger.

She had been simply pretty before; she was regally beautiful now—tall, slender, graceful as a drooping willow; golden brown hair waving away from a brow of marble purity; a clear white complexion, colorless except the faint wild-rose tint on her cheek, and the deeper glow of her perfect lips arched like Cupid's bow. She had the same old way I remembered so well of crossing the lissome hands on her lap in a tired way, temptingly within one's reach, 'so near and yet so far.' A cluster of tuberoses was fastened at her throat, and I swear the overpowering perfume, that Lorelei voice, or something, I know not what, stole all sense and reason away, and ten minutes had not gone by before I had forgotten all the world save the Circe beside me, and was thanking Heaven that the man whose wife she had been was dead. I had heard this long ago, but in rather an uncertain way, and in consequence had never been positive in my belief of it till now. Next day Helena, at my request, went to call upon my old friend. Mrs. Kent was her usual self, smiling, winning, irresistible. Helena never appeared worse—flushed, excited, very perceptibly nervous—and how her blond charms paled and faded beside that dark-eyed sorceress! I returned Helena safely to Madame la Mère, and spent the evening—you can easily guess where. Madame la Mère already begins to look distrustfully on me, and, upon my soul, I feel myself a scoundrel; I cannot foresee the end; likely for me, if I get my deserts, an ounce of chloroform and a free passage across the Styx. Can you aid me in finding a path out of this perplexing labyrinth?

"Octave."

LETTER THIRD.

MISS LEE TO MRS. KENT.

"My dear Sister,—You didn't say that you had met St. Peter and he had refused to pray, but certainly it would not have surprised me more than the statement that Octave Colombe saw and failed to recognize you. I should have thought that your *shade* in the spirit world would be a dear and familiar object to him. Have you ascertained, my dear Talleyrand, whether he is still an eligible *parti*? If so, cultivate him by all means. I remember him as deliciously wicked and distractingly handsome, and such a dancer! the bare recollection wafts me to the seventh heaven of delight. Have you a mind to become a girl of the period, and indulge in a little harmless round-dancing with your youthful—or rather ancient—adorer? I suppose you will be quite shocked at the suggestion, but his company is demoralizing, I know from experience. Submit yourself without a struggle to being lifted entirely off the floor (your toes are allowed to touch occasionally), put all your faith in him, for he is quite large enough to demolish any small craft that may collide with you, and—presto! where may so graceful a couple be found? Live over again, if you can, the bright, happy days of girlhood, such as you knew before so much sorrow came our way, and may they restore to you 'the bloom and freshness of long ago!'

"As the great *Ego* will reign supreme, now to my own affairs. I do wish I could bring you to entertain my views about the stage; if I might only have your 'Godspeed' on my lonely way, wise Mentor, what a weight it would lift from mind and heart, and how quickly would I seek 'fresh fields and pastures new!' Perhaps feminine capacity is limited, but assuredly the avenues of employment open to us are lamentably few. This agonizing over school-children is too trying for one of my temperament. I have parsed and parsed till I begin to detest mother-tongue, and I hear it profaned every day by the little barbarians until I know the dry bones of the masters of our language rattle in their coffins.

"Did you think of me yesterday on my birthday?

'Ah, what shall I be at fifty,
Should nature keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five?'

The utter dreariness, the dead-level, of this existence have taken all the life, all the soul, out of me. I have only feeling and energy enough to heartily wish that your lines may have fallen in pleasant places, and just malice enough to rather hope that a cloud will darken your sunshine at no very distant period, if it will hasten your return. It is quite good of you to want me with you; the thought of anybody's wanting me is as refreshing as it is novel, for, after due deliberation, I have been forced to conclude that if not a decidedly disagreeable young woman, I am far from sunny-natured. Do write often, and believe me always,

"Affectionately yours, L."

LETTER FOURTH.

MISS LEE TO MRS. KENT.

"Sister Mine,—Who is it that beguiles the golden hours? Who is it that has cheated them not only of all their pain, but of even a shadow of weariness?

"I almost see the Pascagoula and the Pearl as I saw them long, long ago, winding like silver ribbons through the verdant savannahs toward the blue waters of the Gulf. That extreme Southern country is very beautiful to me; the resinous woods, the almost reckless profusion of flowers, the moss-draped rocks, and then

'To hear and see the far-off sparkling brine;
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine!'

"So the Lintons are out in their yacht for a summer cruise. What a lucky breeze it was that wafted them to Bay St. Louis! You are quite eloquent as regards the stately old gentleman, but as to the son a trifle reticent. How strange that notwithstanding all the intimate intercourse of our families you two should never have met! Always you were at boarding-school, visiting, travelling, or he was at some of those miserable foreign universities, when you should have been together and falling in love, as our respected parents intended. Pity it had not been accomplished before we were left alone in the world! Now when you have given your youth to another, when you have fallen into the 'sere and yellow leaf,' along comes this chevalier, this perfect specimen. I gathered even from your meagre sentences that to see him was to love him.

"But how to dispose of Octave? This, I must confess, rather nonplusses even an expert schemer like myself. I foresaw some troublesome complication of this kind when your letters were brimful of picnics, regattas, moonlight strolls, and Monsieur Colombe for a running accompaniment. Lounging away the morning hours beneath the oleanders, conning Tennyson with the sweet diapason of the waves, is dangerous pastime for susceptible folk, even though they have seen a few more summers than it is agreeable to confess. Since I can remember, you have been engaged in a perpetual game of battledoor with some masculine heart. I have often heard of 'ladies' men,' but I should call you essentially a 'men's woman,' if I might invent a term. Standing in a near relationship to you, of course it is not expected that I should be sensitively alive to your charms, so that I am unable to state whether it is your great innocent-looking brown eyes, the seductive pathos of that voice of yours which seems always laden with tears, or the magical touch of your aristocratic fingers (your hands *are* beautiful, my dear; you do not belie your lineage there); but the fact remains—you have a fascinating way that the wisest of them are unable to resist. Much I fear you are not using it wisely. Leave Octave alone; give him a motherly pat on his brainless head, and recommend a night's quiet sleep.

"Another word, and I have done. That own, only brother of ours, that graceless scamp, who has managed in the short space of eighteen years almost to exhaust our affection, and quite break our hearts, will sail on the 20th; if I did not know his employer to be one of the incorruptible sort, above complicity in such villany, I believe I should propose a heavy insurance on both vessel and cargo, and a bribe to some of the crew to scuttle the *Gray Eagle* in mid-ocean, having first secured him in the hold. What think you of the pious suggestion? L."

LETTER FIFTH.

MRS. KENT TO MISS LEE.

"My dear Lizzie,—When, utterly worn out body and soul, I came here to recruit my exhausted energies, to find new vitality and courage for the battle of life, my wildest imaginings could never have bounded the occurrences of the last few weeks.

"I never could have loved Octave Colombe; that his face is faultless, his manner engaging, and his worldly possessions not to be despised by one like myself with the tastes of a Sybarite, I admit; but, notwithstanding all these, I could not honor nor even be moderately content with one whose life is so aimless as his; he is utterly devoid of any ambition save to float down the stream. I know what an earnest worker may accomplish, and I have no patience with men of brain and muscle who are simply dreamers and never likely to become more. Besides, when I appeared upon the scene, and found him dancing attendance upon Miss Holmes (the Helena to whom I have so often alluded), from certain indications I at once concluded that they were engaged, and accepted the attentions he offered me in a very platonic spirit. Occasionally it did occur to me that he was a trifle more devoted than circumstances demanded; but I knew the intense creole nature too well to attach undue importance to such bagatelles. I cannot tell you when the knowledge first came to me that Mr. Colombe's old *penchant* for me had returned with tenfold ardor, and I cannot recall exactly how he explained with cunning sophistry that it was only an ancient story between him and Helena Holmes, who was a distant cousin—a tacit agreement that in the course of years, when he had roamed the world over and was quite cloyed, he was to return and bestow upon this waiting-maiden the fossil remains of his heart. Things were going on serenely enough in this way, I meantime hoping to avoid any clearer understanding, when one day he burst in upon me in as different a way as could be from his usual indolent style, with a violent declaration of his affection, and demanding a return. He told me of the consuming passion he had cherished until my marriage had forced upon him its utter hopelessness; he declared that a kind Providence had again united our paths that had so widely diverged; that devotion like his must inspire return; and he grasped my hands with such terrible earnestness, while his wonderful eyes seemed burning into my soul, until—oh, coward that I am!—instead of returning his gaze and giving him the only truthful answer I could ever make—no, no, a thousand times no—I temporized. I told him of my brief married life; I endeavored to show him how impossible it was that I could ever be to him what he desired; but he only returned, 'You are free, Alice, and I worship you; until you bid me leave you forever, I will never resign you.'

"It was at this critical juncture the Lintons arrived. I wrote you of Duke Linton, and now, after what I have just said, I must make the humiliating confession that from the hour of meeting him I became distrustful of all my theories past and present, and false to my dead love. The perfect realization of earlier hopes, and the mutual confidence and happiness resulting, were henceforth only 'portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.' When he stooped to love me, I could only own him my king, my king, the embodiment of my fondest, wildest dreams. Oh, child, I was never so insanely happy as in the short weeks that followed. Octave often visited me, and I was so jubilant that I tried to impart some of my surplus joy to him. When he was despondent I would cheer him, because I was grateful for so many kindnesses before Duke came. All too soon Linton senior, who had meantime been cruising about the coast, leaving Duke to my tender mercies, returned. The trim yacht was lying out in the bay, and the last evening of her stay a collation was to be spread on board in honor of a dozen or so of the owner's friends. We were to assemble at Madam E——'s, and walk to the pier, where the row-boats were to meet and carry us out. The programme thus far was accurately fulfilled. For me the evening passed delightfully. I observed that Octave appeared rather moody and abstracted, and also that he drank a good deal of wine; but it made only a momentary impression. As the tiny shells of boats were being lowered for our departure, I was sitting apart with Duke's father, and when I went forward to take my place, found it already filled; Duke had reserved it for me until the last moment, when, fearing that he might seem discourteous, he resigned it to some other lady, and it thus became necessary that I should make one of the party allotted to the second boat. This arrangement would have been altogether agreeable had I not by this means been separated from my lover and deprived of the long walk from the pier to Madam E——'s. There was a delay of some minutes, and so the first boat must have reached the landing before we were fairly started.

"The night was perfect, and my happy heart was beating in unison with my surroundings. As we disembarked, Octave, without a word, offered me his arm. The moon was shining so brightly that his every feature was distinctly visible. I glanced at his face, and what I saw there thrilled me with horror.

"'Alice,' said Octave, 'do not grudge me the poor remnant of the last evening we shall probably spend together.'

"'Away with such lugubrious predictions!' I returned, with a levity that was far from genuine; 'we shall doubtless enjoy many more.'

"He continued hurriedly, in a low, constrained voice: 'Tell me, and tell me truly—this is no time for equivocation—do you mean to marry Linton?'

"For once my woman's heart asserted itself. 'I do,' said I, proudly, and wrenched my hand away from the tight grasp with which he had seized it as he asked the question.

"'Do you mean to say,' he rejoined, 'that after years of waiting and longing, and, more than all, the maddening suspense of the last month, you are going to leave me forever, to give yourself to a man I hate? He cannot love you as I do; no one can. Alice, be merciful.'

"We had involuntarily paused. There was a horrible, an almost audible, silence, broken only by the regular monotonous washing of the waves on the beach. Yet I bravely smiled, and you could never fancy what the effort cost me, confronted by that pale face, as I quietly replied: 'This is worse than folly, my dear friend; it is insanity. Gentle Helena is a fit mate for your fiery nature, and she would make you far happier than I ever could. In a little time I shall have passed as entirely out of your life as though you had never known me.'

"The answering gleam in his eyes literally transfixed me. Another moment, and a jewelled stiletto that I had often seen in his possession was flashing in the moonbeams. Earth, sea, and sky seemed to melt into one, and I was only conscious of a wild prayer that somebody would come.

"At that instant there was a sudden tread, and a voice I knew exclaimed, 'Merciful Heaven! Colombe, are you mad?' And I swooned away.

"When I recovered, Duke and I were the sole occupants of Madam E——'s summer-house, whither he had borne me. He accompanied me to the house, and at my earnest request left me at the door without arousing any of the family. I had no mind to furnish subject-matter for a nine days' wonder. He had previously explained his opportune arrival: he and Gilbert Ridley, his cousin, having accompanied their friends home, and then loitered on the gallery for a little further conversation, were returning to their hotel. To cut short this rather extraordinary letter: Duke arrested the blow with which Octave intended to terminate my earthly career, and in another moment his cousin had seized the madman and held him fast. His indomitable will and Herculean strength combined absolutely forced Octave to accompany him; and afterward I ascertained that he succeeded in calming his paroxysm and bringing him to a proper sense of his cowardly conduct to a defenceless woman. Next morning came to my darkened chamber—for you will not think it strange that I was unable to rise—a note from that poor, misguided Octave.

"'Henceforth, Alice, you are safe from my persecutions. I cannot forget the noble generosity of your lover which spared me when he saw my murderous knife about to plunge into your bosom. I shall cross your path no more. Be happy with the husband of your choice. Forgive me, if you can, and sometimes remember pityingly your miserable Octave.'

"*August* 31.—I add a line to tell you that this will scarcely reach you before I do. My long apprenticeship to labor is about to end, and I shall return, not to the never-ending, still-beginning music lessons, but to make hasty preparations for my marriage, which I have promised shall not be delayed later than October.

THE NEW YORK "MACHINE."

On the surface, the Republican party organization in this city is composed of a General Committee elected on a general ticket, and of committees for the various Assembly districts elected in the several districts by the voters of the party, and the division of powers and duties to these various committees is supposed to be such as their mode of election calls for. In reality the organization and the control of the action of the party rest in the hands of a limited number of persons, who have been practically unchanged in fifteen years, and who have themselves been directed so largely by a will and intelligence which they have not themselves influenced, or even tried to influence, that the idea of a machine which has gradually been associated with them is more just and precise even than is generally realized. The nominal head of this small but powerful body is Mr. Stephen B. French, who is now, and for eight years past has been, a Commissioner of Police, to which position he was named in 1878 by the then Mayor, Mr. Edward Cooper. Previous to that time Mr. French had been, as indeed he still is, the "leader" of the Republican party in the county of Suffolk. Apart from his ordinary functions as the Republican representative in the Police Board, Mr. French is most distinguished in the recollection of city politicians by the ardor with which he opposed the nomination of Mr. Alonzo B. Cornell as Governor in 1879, and by the part he played in the nomination of the then Secretary of the Treasury as Governor in 1882. He is credited with being very near the source of direction of the Machine, but it is generally understood that his part in determining its policy is in a certain sense ministerial only.

Next most prominent, and perhaps more important in the Machine is Mr. John J. O'Brien, the Chief of the Bureau of Elections under the Police Board, whose status is defined among the "boys" with much emphasis and significance as that of "the boss of the head-quarters gang." When the foundations of the present machine were laid, about the middle of President Grant's first term, Mr. O'Brien, who had for some time been a very active and faithful worker in the Eighth District, was given a position in what was to be the centre of power, the Custom-house, as a weigher, where he remained until he was transferred, on the eve of Mr. Hayes's election, to the post he now occupies. In this post, and by reason of his residence in the Eighth District, as well as by the nature of the work which has been intrusted to him, Mr. O'Brien has been justly regarded as very high in authority, and as having intimate relations with the guiding mind of the Machine. He is a gentleman of pleasing appearance, great coolness and courage, and untiring energy, and in the work by which votes are secured and used at primaries and at the polls he has hardly a rival, though of late years he has had too much to do with larger matters to devote much time to detail. This, to a great extent, has been left to his lieutenant—

Mr. Robert McCord, who is as cool and untiring as his chief, and under an exterior of even more "dudish" elegance, possesses gifts of great value in the management of voters and votes. Mr. McCord has a room and residence in the Eighth District, but is a permanent "guest" of the Victoria Hotel. He is extremely conservative in his habits, and is a member of the contractors' firm of O'Brien, McCord, & Dady.

Intimately associated with these gentlemen is Mr. Bernard Biglin, who, with equal influence and activity in politics, has shown much more of the money-getting capacity. He, like Mr. O'Brien, entered the Machine from the Custom-house as a weigher in 1871, when the Custom-house was the natural source of political promotion. He was a soldier in "the war," and has a good record. He soon took up the business of Custom-house cartman, and later had important contracts with Castle Garden. He has been several times a member of the Assembly, and is an extremely "popular" man. He is in the Eighteenth Assembly District, which, so far as the Republican party is concerned, he controls with a rule of iron. He has the reputation of "hardly ever" undertaking anything in politics that he has not accomplished.

A fourth, and in many respects one of the most efficient members of the Machine, is Mr. Michael Cregan, who also was a soldier, and a good one, who also came to the Machine from the Custom-house in the eventful period of '70 to '71, and who is now a clerk in the court of Civil Justice Kelly. He has charge of the Sixteenth Assembly District, commonly known as a tenement-house district, in which he enjoys the power of a benevolent despot. He is a man of moderate means. With these four men, who are the most conspicuous and active of the Machine managers, there must be ranged a fifth, Mr. Civil Justice "Sol" Smith, of the Nineteenth Assembly and Eleventh Congressional districts. He is a man of higher grade of capacity than the others, and his sphere of activity is less limited and more independent. He is the Warwick of Congressmen in his district, and not only enjoys the confidence but shares the counsels of the State and national leaders. He is shrewd, long-headed, quiet, and what the Eastern people call "dependable." He probably knows more and says less about the "inside" of politics in this city and State than almost any other man connected with them.

There are the names of others frequently connected with the Machine, but not really belonging to it or responsible for it, though active in politics. One is that of Mr. Jacob Hess, who is simply an ambitious man who has ruined himself in business without making a career in politics, and who has been rather an instrument and beneficiary of the Machine than a part of it. He is at present pensioned as a Subway Commissioner. Another is that of Mr. Sheridan Shook, who has fought against the Machine oftener than with it or for it, who is more of an amateur than a professional in politics, though tremendously in earnest in the pursuit, and who possesses the supreme disqualification for a Machine man of being a devoted admirer, follower, and supporter of Mr. Blaine.

TESTING THE NEW SLOOPS.

In the present number is given a view of the new sloop yacht *Mayflower* as she appeared on the screw dock, June 16, taken from the same angle that the views of the sloops *Puritan* and *Priscilla* were, which were given in the Weekly of August 29, 1885. It was intended to give the reader an idea of the difference between the three boats, all taken from the same point of view. The intention has scarcely been fulfilled, for the two yachts *Puritan* and *Mayflower*, looking at them from this point, are so nearly alike that the most expert designer could, unless he saw them together, detect no difference. The *Mayflower* is simply the *Puritan* lengthened forward, and her lines of entrance made easier. General Paine, who owns her, is one of the most skilful of our amateur yachtsmen, which in these days is saying much; for our amateurs of to-day—Mr. Maxwell, owner of the *Daphne*, Mr. L. A. Fish, of the *Grayling*, Mr. Canfield, of the *Priscilla*, Mr. Stuyvesant, of the *Palmer*, Mr. Phenix, of the *Intrepid*—have taken the places of the professionals of old, the Webbs, and the Steerses, who have passed away, and who have had no successors, because there has been no work for them to do.

General Paine was one of the syndicate which built the *Puritan* last year, and he sailed in her during all her season. In comparison with the *Priscilla*, she was defective only in running and reaching, and this defect he has sought to cure by extending her lines forward, giving her a longer bow and an easier entrance. The *Mayflower* is some five feet longer than the *Puritan*. That is all the difference between them, and that the camera could not indicate. It has, however, succeeded in making an admirable portraiture of the yacht.

That General Paine was correct in his views has been abundantly proven by the result of the last week's racing. The regattas of the Atlantic and New York Yacht clubs, on the 15th and 17th, were unsatisfactory as races, and yet it was made apparent in the race of the New York Yacht Club on the 17th that the *Mayflower* was better than the *Puritan*. Opinions even of the most expert are not worth much as opposed to figures. It will be admitted that from the start off Owl's Head to Buoy No. 8½ both of these yachts had exactly the same conditions of wind and tide. They were not far from each other for this portion of the course, and the result, as shown by the official figures, is that the *Mayflower* made this part of the course in 1h. 36m. 9s., while the *Puritan* was 1h. 43m. 58s. From Buoy No. 8½ to the Sandy Hook Light-ship, the *Mayflower* was 1h. 6m. 0s.; the *Puritan*, 1h. 9m. 20s.

After this there was all sorts of weather. The *Mayflower* people, mindful that they had come from Boston mainly to capture a $1000 cup offered by the Seawanhaka Club on the 19th, did not care to risk their spars, and shortened sail on the approach of a squall, so that she was beaten at the finish.

There was another yacht in this and the preceding race of the Atlantic Club—the *Priscilla*—built last year, and beaten by the *Puritan*. She has been altered under the direction of one of the amateurs of whom mention has been made, Mr. Canfield, and was sailed by him in both these races. The figures as regards these yachts are that from the start to Buoy No. 8½ the *Mayflower* was 1h. 36m., 9s., the *Priscilla* was 1h. 37m. 16s., showing that the *Mayflower* was the better. But from Buoy No. 8½ to the Light-ship the *Mayflower* was 1h. 6m., and the *Priscilla* was but 59m. 10s.

So from start to Light-ship the *Priscilla* proved herself the best of the lot. The *Atlantic*—the new yacht just built at Bay Ridge—need not be counted at all in this race of the New York Club, although she came in second; for in the only portion of the course where all had an equal chance she was left far behind. The race of the 15th was but a drift for the most part, and yet, in the only portion of it where any sailing was done, some real result was apparent. In this race the *Mayflower* did not start. From Buoy No. 8 to the *Scotland* Light-ship the yachts going with sheets a bit lifted, with a moderate breeze and a head-sea, the *Puritan's* time is better than that of either the *Atlantic* or *Priscilla*, and the time of the *Atlantic* is better than the *Priscilla's* time; yet after passing the *Scotland*, and hauling sharp on a wind, the breeze extremely light, the *Atlantic* went through the lee of the *Puritan*, and the *Priscilla* came up behind both of them and passed fairly in between them, squarely beating both, and getting first around the Sandy Hook Light-ship, where the artist has happily caught her just after she had set her spinnaker for the run home.

So, then, taking these two races as a basis for an opinion, there does not seem to be the least doubt but that in ten races over the course of the New York Yacht Club in weather such as prevails from the first of June to the first of September—the three yachting months—the *Priscilla* would win seven out of the ten, with the *Mayflower* second.

How the result will be in strong breezes, when top-sails must be handled, or when reefs must be tied down, is something that no one can now tell anything about. Judging from the performances of the *Priscilla* last year, in rather heavy weather, the probabilities are that she will, when thus tried, be nearer the fourth than the first position. June 19, at the Seawanhaka Club regatta, the *Puritan* was first and the *Priscilla* second, though the *Mayflower*, starting too late, made better time than either.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An Englishman said to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes recently that what had struck him most in America was "the artistic finish of the Americans." It is hard to tell, of course, just what he meant by that, and perhaps the harder because he did not undertake to explain it. Americans are finished variously, if he referred to the finish which they exhibit in their own persons. In one sense no American can be said to be finished before his natural conclusion or demise; but it is hardly probable that the Englishman in making his observation had this in mind, or that by "artistic finish" he meant the finish produced by tornadoes, or Apache Indians, or ice-water, or any of the similar American agencies of finish which are calculated to awaken the interest of foreigners. It is possible that he referred to the personal appearance of Americans, and that he had been impressed by the tailoring over here, and by what he had seen in the barber shops. A good deal of rather warm discussion has been carried on as to whether the German style of barbering the hair straight up, like young onions, or the American fashion of wearing it smoothed down upon the skull so as to present a sort of drowned appearance, affords the more artistic finish, but there is no doubt that the American way is artistic to a degree. The English observer, again, might have had in mind the finish which Americans bestow upon things rather than upon persons—as, for instance, the finish of sewing-machines, or piano-fortes, or parlor stoves. There are, in fact, so many matters that he may have meant, but that it is not certain he did mean, that one is discouraged from pursuing his meaning further.

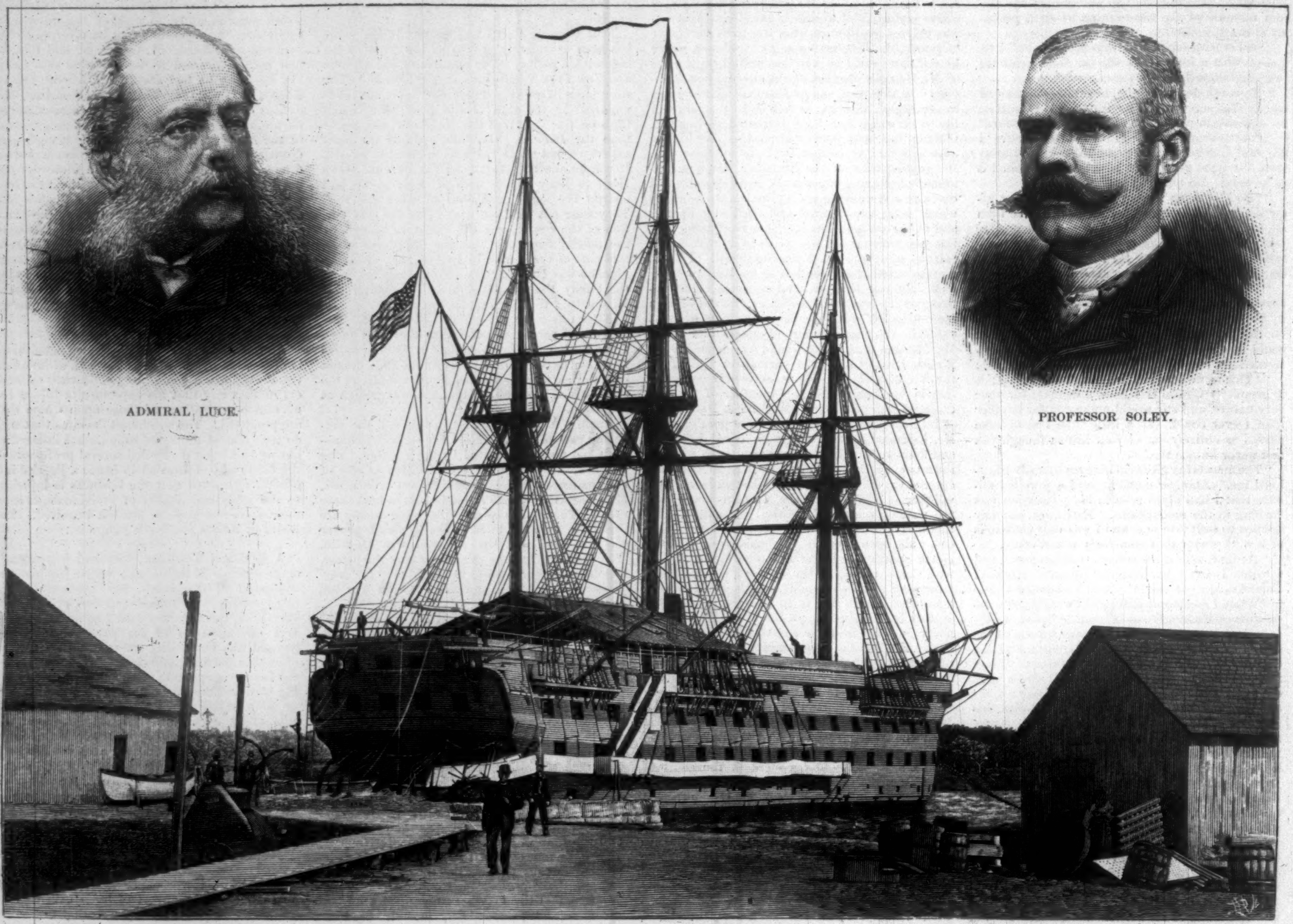
An Italian mesmerist has been subjected to an investigation by the Board of Health of Milan on the strength of a charge by two learned professors of that city that his experiments injure the nervous organizations of those upon whom they are practised. The mesmerist declares that they do not; but at the same time he has boasted of having by his art compelled several professors of the University of Breslau to dance a jig, and it is generally believed that the business is injurious to the poise and dignity of individuals, even if their nervous organisms are not impaired. The Board of Health withholds judgment.

A Michigan fisherman, who had imprudently made captive a bear's cub which he had encountered in the woods, was pursued by the cub's mother. The fisherman dropped the cub very soon, but this act failed to placate or divert the attention of the parent bear, which pressed him hotly. At one moment she was so close that she was enabled to secure a mouthful of the fugitive's apparel. His strength was fast giving way, and the bear betrayed no sign of fatigue or of relenting, when the fisherman bethought him of an expedient. He had heard that the most ferocious of wild animals were subdued and terrified by fire, and drawing a newspaper from his pocket, he touched a match to it, and dashed it blazing into the bear's face. The effect was magical. The bear rolled over and over, screaming with terror, and on regaining her feet forsook the field with astonishing rapidity. A newspaper which prints this story facetiously heads it, "The Power of the Press."

A California newspaper letter tells of a remarkable habit of a sort of birds called "road-runners." From this it appears that these birds have a deadly antipathy to rattlesnakes, which they attack and destroy upon every possible occasion. The possible occasion occurs when the rattler is asleep. Taking great care not to disturb it, the birds collect a quantity of the fallen leaves of the prickly-pear, which they arrange in a circle about the snake until they have built a considerable wall. When it is done, the reptile is awakened by the stroke of a road-runner's beak. The snake coils and strikes, and is wounded by the innumerable needle-like points of the leaves. Smarting with the sting, it strikes again and again at the agile birds hovering near, and its rage at the ever-recurring thrusts of the spears of the terrible leaves is such that its activity only ceases when it has become exhausted by its countless wounds. When it can no longer strike, the birds quickly despatch it with their powerful bills.

In the prisons of the canton of Neufchâtel, in Switzerland, says a French writer, a good handicraft is taught to every prisoner, and all who are well behaved are, after a period, placed with a master of the trade which they have learned, under the oversight of the police and of a member of a voluntary committee, who is called a patron. The prisoner thus "provisionally liberated" has to present himself every week to his patron, who receives the reports of his master and of the police. The patron sends an abstract of these reports to the governor of the prison, and in this way, if his conduct remains good, the man's liberty is gradually restored, and he regains his position in society, with the additional advantages of experience of discipline and knowledge of a trade. A few customs similar to this lead the French observer to remark that "a Swiss canton is in some things a century in advance of the rest of the world."

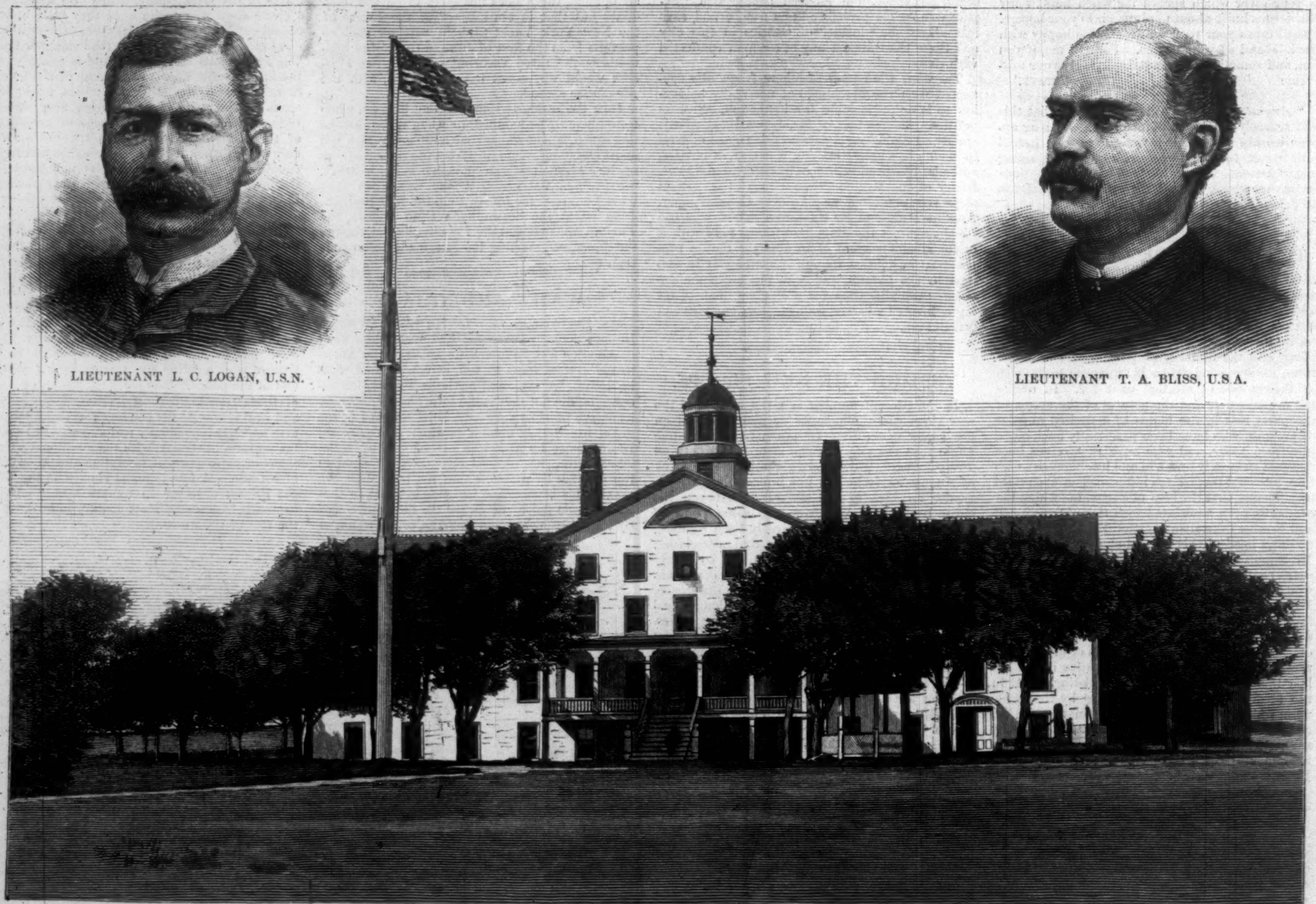
"*THE TWO-WINGED DEAL*" WILL ROOST YET.



ADMIRAL LUCE.

PROFESSOR SOLEY.

THE "NEW HAMPSHIRE," TRAINING SHIP.

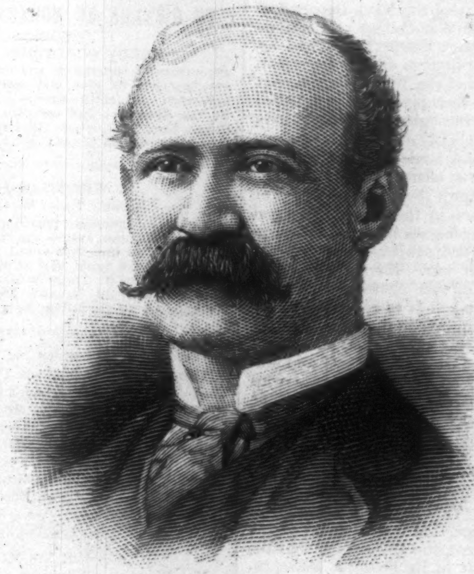


LIEUTENANT L. C. LOGAN, U.S.N.

LIEUTENANT T. A. BLISS, U.S.A.

THE UNITED STATES WAR COLLEGE, COASTER'S HARBOR ISLAND, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.—PHOTO. BY LUDOVICI, NEW YORK AND NEWPORT.—[SEE PAGE 414.]

STEPHEN B. FRENCH.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.



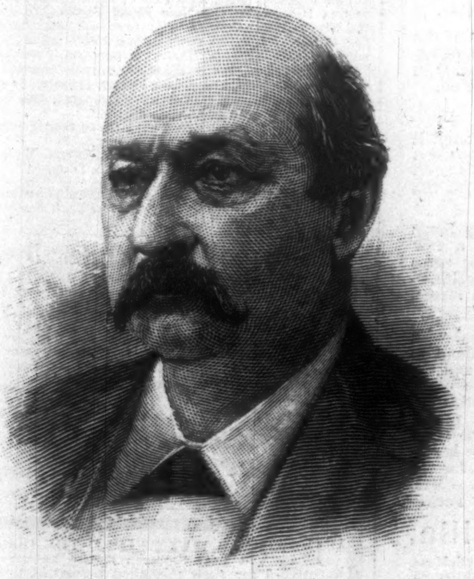
ROBERT H. McCORD.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANA.

JOHN J. O'BRIEN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. WOOD.

JACOB HESS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY WENTWORTH, SHARON SPRINGS, NEW YORK.

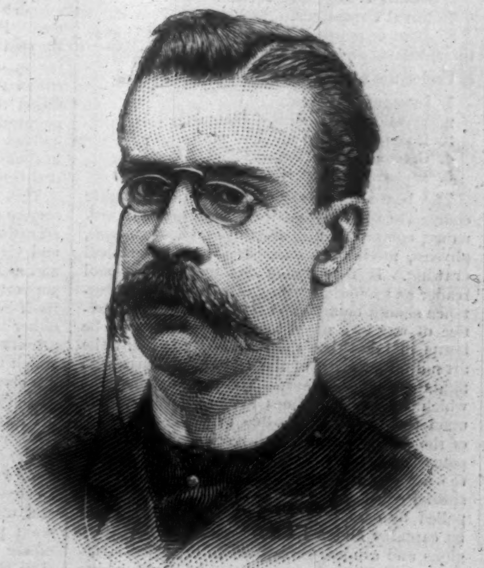
MICHAEL CREGAN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY O'NEIL BROTHERS.

BERNARD BIGLIN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGARDUS.



SHERIDAN SHOOK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH BROTHERS.

JACOB PATTERSON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHWIND.



SOLON B. SMITH.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGARDUS.

LEADERS OF THE REPUBLICAN ORGANIZATION IN NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

JACOB WREY MOULD.

By the death of Wrey Mould, which occurred in New York June 14, architecture in America has lost one of the brightest and most accomplished minds that have contributed to its development. Mr. Mould, who was by birth an Englishman, came to this country in 1852, when he was twenty-seven years old. He was unusually well equipped for his professional work, having, after his graduation at King's College, London, and the usual apprenticeship in an architect's office, become an assistant to Owen Jones in preparing the illustrated work on the Alhambra by which Owen Jones's name is best remembered.

His first work of importance after his arrival in New York was the Church of All Souls, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street. Other works of his were the Presbyterian church on the north side of Reservoir Square, and a quaint and picturesque wooden edifice for the Church of the Holy Trinity. It was the construction of the Central Park, however, begun in 1858, that gave Mr. Mould exactly the opportunity that fitted his talents. He was employed in the office of the architects, and was occupied for some years in designing the architectural detail of the Park. The quality of this is known to all travelling Americans as well as to all New-Yorkers. It is difficult to believe that it would or could be better done if it were to be done over again now.

This work will be a lasting and an honorable monument to Mr. Mould, and when in 1870 he was made architect-in-chief to the Department of Parks, it was universally recognized that he had fairly earned his promotion. In 1875 he went to Peru as the architect-in-chief of the public works of Lima, returning to New York seven years late to resume his old position in the Park Department.

"THE WAR COLLEGE."

The United States is the only first-class power that has not recognized the necessity for a post-graduate school, where the higher branches of the naval art should be taught, and to which Annapolis should be merely a preparatory school.

The great strides that have been made in all branches of this art, the introduction of new arms, and new methods, tactical and scientific, have rendered the advanced course absolutely necessary to enable officers to keep up with their profession. These facts have been recognized for some time by the advanced men of the navy, and after much able and patient presentation of the case, the Navy Department was induced to order a board, composed of three officers, to report upon the advantages for a post-graduate school for officers of the navy. The detail for this board was Commodore (since Rear-Admiral) Stephen B. Luck, Commander W. T. Sampson, and Lieutenant-Commander C. F. Goodrich. The board met on the 3d of May, 1884, and after an exhaustive study of the subject made their report, strongly recommending the establishment of such a school, and dwelling particularly upon the importance of the art of war and international law. Special stress was laid upon the former subject, and it was evidently the intention of the board that it should be the leading study of the professional curriculum.

The course recommended by the board was intended to cover a period of six months, and was divided into two general heads:

I. The Science and Art of War.
II. Law and History.

Under the first were included:

1. Strategy and Tactics.
2. Military Campaigns.
3. Joint or opposed Military and Naval Operations, treated from the Military Stand-point.
4. Disposition of Seamen landed for Military Service.
5. Elements of Fortifications and Intrenchments.
6. Naval Strategy and Tactics.
7. Naval Campaigns.
8. Joint or opposed Military and Naval Operations, treated from the Naval Stand-point.

Under the second head were placed:

1. International Law.
2. Treaties of the United States.
3. Rules of Evidence.
4. General Naval History.
5. Modern Political History.

The board recommended in addition a higher course for those officers who wish to study ordnance, comprehending the higher mathematics, physics, mechanics, chemistry, and mechanical drawing. It may strike the non-professional reader as somewhat strange that so much importance should be attached to the theory and practice of war in a naval institute; but it must be borne in mind that the art of war is really the art military, the art of the "miles," the man who fights on land or sea. The well-defined line which in modern times separates combatants upon these elements is due to the development of the sailing vessel, which received its great impetus from the discovery of the compass. With the art of navigation came the necessity for a special education and training. The galley propelled by oars, manned by soldiers commanded by captains and admirals, who on shore led legions and armies, gave place to the great structures mounting tier upon tier of guns, whose movements were directed by men who had passed their lives upon the water. But with the disappearance of the sailing vessel from modern war comes a condition more analogous to the ancient situation. Substitute for the oars manned by slaves, who were entirely distinct from combatants, the marine engine worked by men whose special and sole duty this is, and the parallel is apparent. After a long separation, caused by sails with their attendant intricacies, the two services now approach sufficiently near to make a knowledge of the general principles which govern the one, of the greatest value to officers of the other.

The able and thorough report of the board carried conviction with it, and on October 6, 1884, an order was issued from the Navy Department establishing the Naval War College on Coaster's Harbor Island, Newport, Rhode Island, and assigning Rear-Admiral Luck to duty as President.

In the organization of the War College the art military is given the first place. It is designed to carry the students through a course of military history. This comprehends not only the strategic moves of armies, grand tactics, or the tactics of the battle-field, but even elementary tactics.

In this way are shown the best disposition of troops, the combination of the several arms, and the manner of moving masses both before and on the field of battle. These subjects combined constitute the science of war. Having acquired a sufficient knowledge of this science as conducted by land, the naval student is to apply the general principles thus acquired to the movements of a fleet. Having at his disposal a number of heavily armed ships, fast cruisers, rams, and sea-going torpedo-boats, he is in accordance with military principles to determine the relative value of each element under his control, and so dispose them that he may obtain the utmost efficiency of each, singly or combined. These and other problems of naval warfare present certain novel features, for which the history of naval wars contains no precedent. This is the justification of the name War College, that incited much of the opposition encountered, the truth being that the word war was meant in its broadest sense, including everything that went to make up the fighting power of the navy. It is the desire and intention of Admiral Luck to combine the course at the War College with the Torpedo School, so that officers coming in March or April could go from the practical teaching of the college to the more special and technical instruction of the school.

As instructors in the art of war and international law, the services of Lieutenant Tasker A. Bliss, of the First Artillery, and Professor James Russell Soley, formerly of the Naval Academy, were obtained. It was not found practicable to begin at the first session the course in naval warfare proper, which branch was assigned to Captain Mahan. Lieutenant Bliss is a graduate of the class of 1875, an excellent scholar and hard student, with a thoroughly trained mind. The methods of instruction in military history are those outlined by Professor Dennis Mahan at West Point, and perfected by Brevet Brigadier-General Charles H. Morgan, Major Fourth Artillery, at the Artillery School, in 1870 and 1871. It was to his untiring zeal and profound military knowledge that we largely owe the comprehensive and logical system of teaching the art of war. He introduced General Hamly's work, incomparably the best text-book in the language. By treating war from the stand-point of chess he made the movements of corps, divisions, and brigades as intelligible as the moves of one of Morphy's games. Maps which had been drawn simply in chalk became highly finished topographical sketches, where colored crayons made the features of the country and the position of the opposing forces as plain as the numbered squares of the chess-board. Lieutenant Bliss is probable as good an exponent of the new system as could be found among the lieutenants of artillery, to whom Admiral Luce was limited by the law of college details. Of course it would be theoretically desirable to combine the advantages of advanced methods with a large personal experience of war; but as the rank of the instructor makes that practicably impossible, there is no question of the advantage of careful mental training over experience in a subordinate capacity. The course in international law is peculiarly valuable and practical to a profession whose duties may require of its officers prompt decisions, and sometimes decisive action, upon nice points where a blunder might easily involve a national humiliation. Professor Soley's system was admirably adapted to the end in view—clear, concise, abounding in example and illustration, and based upon sound principles and exact knowledge. In addition to these two branches so successfuly inaugurated, three lectures of great interest were delivered by men who are regarded as authorities in their special provinces, General Palfrey, General Gordon, and Mr. Ropes.

This new institution is to fill a need in our service so pressing that prejudice and senile conservatism have already been forced to stand aside and give it a trial. It has been wisely planned and auspiciously begun. It should be liberally supported. As a rule, Congress has not shown itself indifferent or hostile to the advancement of either branch of the service, provided that their attention can be fixed, and that the means by which the proposed reforms are to be carried out are clearly and practically indicated. This enterprise proposes an agency through which the theoretical knowledge of our own and the practical experience of other nations can be directed to the ends of a higher education. The officers of Chili and Japan, to say nothing of the great maritime nations of Europe, have modern ships, guns, and torpedo-boats with which to carry on constant practice. It is left to the United States officer to possess his soul in patience until such time as the modern engines of war shall be furnished. Whether he shall be able to keep abreast in theory of the practical advance made in more fortunate countries will depend largely upon the result of this enterprise. Its aim is that the time of waiting shall be improved to the utmost, and that when we are ready to move, it shall be with a full knowledge of what has been done, and with a clear knowledge of our necessities.

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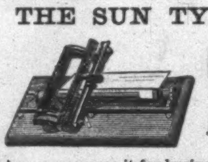
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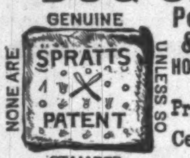

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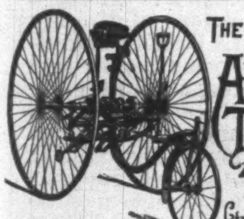

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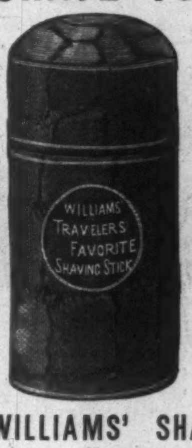

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